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Balmoral Hall

June
1960

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Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



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THE MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE—1959-60

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OUR NEW ORGAN

EDITORIAL

TIME AND TALENT

"The time has come," the walrus said,

"To talk of many things .. .. .."

Lewis Caroll had the imagination and wit to create fanciful tales for the enjoyment of all ages, but his stories each seemed to contain a piece of ageless wisdom. This passage from "Alice in Wonderland", although purely nonsensical as a piece of literature, is in essence an excellent idea which we might find worthy of some serious consideration, that is, to find for ourselves a time to consider the various things which are of import in our lives. At the top of the list we might put Time, and connected with that, Talent.

First of all, we, the very young, have been endowed with the gift of Time. The dictionary defines it as "a definite period of duration". The word "definite" is most important as it impresses upon us the fact that the portion of duration has an exact moment for commencing and terminating and that we must make the best possible use of the amount which has been allotted to us. So far, we have used only a very small amount of that allotment, and, in following Lewis Carroll's advice, we should begin by carefully planning the expenditure of the rest.

The second thing we should consider is what we are going to make use of during that time, that is, our talents. Everyone has been given some talents, no matter how minute, undeveloped, or even undiscovered they may seem at the moment. These may be physical or spiritual talents, but both are equally important, for it is necessary to be able not only to create for ourselves by the use of our physical endowments, but also to have the desire to create for others by the use of our spiritual ones.

For the moment we may believe that planning is all we can do at present in preparation for the future, but the prerequisite for the realization of those plans is their practice in our everyday scholastic and leisurely routine. In practical and plain English, that means using our "Time and Talents" to develop better habits of study and leisure, to strengthen or create bonds of friendship, and to consider with a little more awe the profoundness and miracle of life.

JUDITH E. HARRIS,

Editor

LEADERS

I could be thinking of world leaders at a Summit Conference; of those who have set the pace in various aspects of scientific discovery; of leaders in the field of art, music or literature, but when I saw the spot in the magazine for my remarks it seemed best to write about *our* leaders.

My thoughts are not limited to the leaders in the picture below, but to all of you who have had the opportunity to lead as Class President, Vice-President, Games Captain, House Head, Sports Captain, School Captain, Head Girl or Prefect. I speak also, to you who will be chosen to lead the School in these various offices next year, and even to all of you who will some day reach the senior grades where your leadership abilities will be put to the test.

What is a leader? First of all it is someone who has learned to follow—to follow the right pathways and the right people. A leader is someone with a good sense of direction, a worthy target, and the perseverance to reach it. If you recognize a good leader do not hesitate to follow and if you sense a worthy target do not be afraid to lead.

It is not easy to be a good leader. Too often it involves a struggle between principle and popularity but a real leader will hold fast to that which is good even if the road is rough. I commend you girls who have faced the challenge of leadership this year and feel confident that your experiences will prove useful.

G. MURRELL-WRIGHT



THE PREFECTS

STANDING—Barbara Gillespie, Signe Salzberg, Kathleen Armytage, Marilyn Hawkins, Pamela MacCharles, Lori McDougall, Brenda Howat.

SEATED—Diane Bishop, Lynn Funnell, Karen Jones, Margaret Gooder, Margaret Fisher, Wendy Bracken.



OUR HEAD GIRL—KAREN JONES
OUR SCHOOL CAPTAIN—WENDY BRACKEN

VALEDICTORY

And now, girls . . .

June again, and another year past, but not forgotten. Many changes have occurred since last September when we welcomed old girls and new to our Opening Assembly; we have a new soft-drink vendor in the "Lower Regions"; we have a new organ in the gym; we have a Vice-Principal, Miss Sharman; and, above all, we have Miss Murrell-Wright back with us.

We can also recall the fun we had this year—at Initiation, at our dances, and at the Boarders' tobogganning and skating parties. We shall never forget the aching bones, cinnamon toast, or lost toboggans!

No school year would be complete without a few grumbles, however. Putting up benches each morning, remembering to put up the flag on those below zero days, and not wearing our "gentlemen friends'" rings, are among the favourites. It is difficult to remember sometimes, that with every ray of sunshine, there falls a drop of rain.

Now, as we say farewell, we thank you for making this year, our best year at Balmoral Hall.

With our love,

KAREN AND WENDY

WORLD REFUGEE YEAR

We ask, "Who is my brother's keeper?"

If our faith knows the deep inner discipline that love and self-denial demand, if our love is given through understanding, freely, and if we can deny our own comfort for the true comfort of others, we will have answered in part the great question.

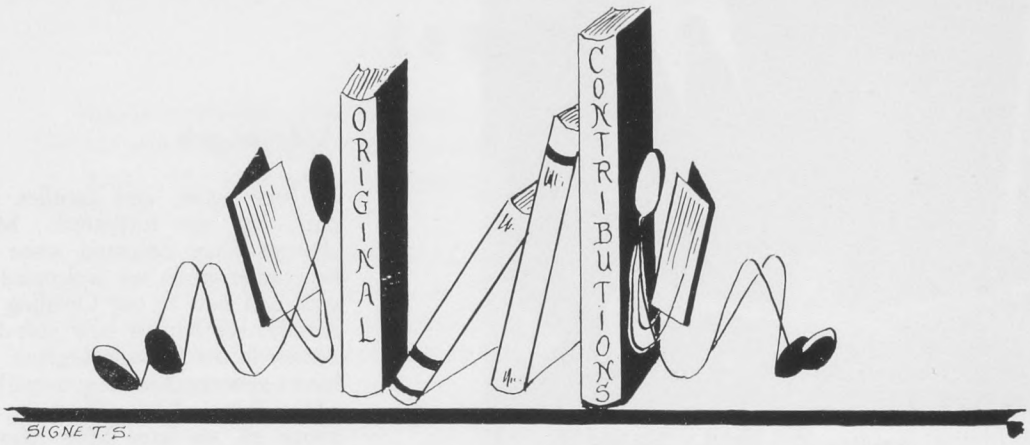
There is concern across the world for refugees still in camps and for those adjusting to a new life of independence and responsibility. We know the importance of going the "second mile", of giving more than we are asked. We know that if our religion is to count for anything, we must work at it, and we see in the great number of unsettled refugees the challenge to put into practice this principle.

When St. Paul wrote to the Hebrews, he said, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." If our well-meant thoughts are to take form and desire in action, we must give "substance" and "evidence", by going the second mile, by denying ourselves so that we may lay aside a sum that we need not be ashamed of, and by praying for those who are working for the future of these people.

With a measurable sacrifice on our part, we may make real to the waiting refugees our good intentions; with less, there is no evidence of faith.

It is a great challenge that does not end with the year; it is an ever-present call in our world of confusion —"O brother-man, fold to thy heart thy brother!"

SIGNE SALZBERG



LITERARY

Revolution

This is an account of the strangest revolution the world has ever beheld. It was fought by men and women who had waited for the right time and the right leader. They had been so subjugated that it would take little to incite them to bear arms and to fight. They did rebel and they did win, but not an arm was raised to kill, no battle cry was heard, not a drop of blood was spilled.

To be born of a slave was to be born a slave. Such was Androcolos; Greek by nationality, Israelite by birth, and slave by inheritance. However, his lot had been more fortunate than that of his fellows. His master, Simon, of the house of Beth-Zebel, who could proudly trace his lineage to the tribe of Benjamin, had died leaving a will, the last paragraph of which declared Androcolos a free man upon his master's death. Since he was skilled in nothing save servitude, he went to his dead master's brother, Saul, a wealthy merchant, and asked for permission to work his passage to Athens on one of Beth-Zebel's ships. Unfortunately Saul, unlike his Sadducean brother, was a Pharisee, and thus highly prejudiced against all except Jews. He refused Androcolos' request, but, upon observing the strength and manner of the youth, asked if he would consider a return to slavery by accepting a high position in Beth-Zebel's household. Androcolos, however, had inherited from his people a profound love of liberty, and now, as he was taking his first taste of the cup of freedom, he was in no way willing to give it up for more security. Enraged by his refusal, Saul threatened to use his authority with the leaders of government and church to force Androcolos back into servitude.

The youth fled the home of Beth-Zebel to a northern village called Nazareth. He was aggrieved that he had found no friend in his old master's house. However, he did not know that a third pair of eyes and ears had witnessed his conversation with Beth-Zebel and that at that moment a third heart was considering him not unfavourably.

In Nazareth Androcolos was befriended by a carpenter and his wife whose Son, they said, was travelling with some friends, teaching the people in the surrounding countryside. Eventually he met their Son and was moved by the almost divine quality of the Man. A Man who appeared physically weak, who had been born of a carpenter's wife and raised in a peasant village, yet who seemed to radiate strength all around Him. His speech was more eloquent than that of the famous orators and His thoughts far exceeded the wisdom of any man Androcolos had ever encountered either in person or in writings. And so, over days and months, he slowly, unwittingly, acquired a deep faith in the principles which Jesus taught and in what people said about Him—that He was sent by God to be a king.

Possessing the spirit of youth, Androcolos could imagine the great Man sitting in royal splendour, or leading victorious legions against the hated Romans. He realized, of course, that this would mean a revolution; for Pontius Pilate was procurator of Jerusalem and a Caesar ruled the world. He imagined himself being the first to offer his services to the Master when the right time came and fighting side by side with Him to liberate Israel. Thus, with a few of his friends he hid out in the hills of Hinnom, just south of Jerusalem, training and preparing for the day when the Master would call them into His service. Eventually the story of this tiny band of rebels reached the ears of Saul of Beth-Zebel, who laughed in scorn, and then confided to his beautiful daughter, a plan of vengeance against the haughty Greek.

Late one night, during Passover week, four days after Jesus had passed into the Holy City for the last time, a young Jewess was admitted to Androcolos' tent in the hills, and introduced herself as Hera, daughter of Beth-Zebel. Androcolos was scornful at first, partly because he could not believe that she had come to help him, and partly to hide his feelings towards this lovely girl. Eventually she managed to convince him of her sincerity and then told him of two incidents which she had witnessed. The first was that her father had had a warrant for the Greek's arrest issued on the charge of treason. The second was that during the evening Christ had been seized by soldiers and taken to Pilate to be tried.

Androcolos, angered and alarmed, started for Jerusalem with Hera. They reached the city by dawn, circled its wall, and when they reached the north gate at the third hour, they were greeted by a strange sight. Thousands of people were gathered to the south of Golgotha, and from some people coming back towards the city, the two learned that the soldiers were crucifying the Christ. All was over; the cause was lost!

In the evening, when His Body had been taken from the crude wooden cross, Androcolos returned to his encampment in the hills and Hera to her own home, each of them to ponder the Master's teachings and to try to reason for himself the meaning of this tragic death.

Three days later, walking alone along the roads to the south of the city, Androcolos came upon a messenger hurrying from Jerusalem with the joyful news, "Christ is risen today!" Suddenly, as if it were a light dawning on him, the Greek found the answers to all the questions which had pursued him for so long. Whom should he tell about his marvellous discovery? Whom but she who, a short time ago, had shared his disappointment and despair.

He was admitted to the house of Beth-Zebel and brazenly, impatiently demanded audience with the daughter of the household. Hera herself came and led him into a room furnished so splendidly as to impress almost anyone, anyone except Androcolos, who had been raised on the principle of respect for spiritual possessions only.

When the two were alone, he turned slowly to her in the afternoon sun which streamed in the window, placed his strong hands on her shoulders and said breathlessly and low, "Hera, we have won." She was obviously puzzled. "Don't you understand?" he asked. "Your father no longer has grounds to arrest me, and still we have won. I wanted a revolution and I got one. I had visualized a magnificent battle against the Romans with the Hebrew people victorious. Instead, we have defeated the Romans with our minds and souls. Christ has risen from the dead, so surely God is with us. We have won a victory over mind and death, and compared with those, Rome is only a minor enemy. You see, they have only Caesar, but we have God!"

JUDITH HARRIS,
Grade XI

Prize-winning Story—Senior Literary Competition

Fame

I saw the star in early youth—
A lovely thing, beckoning to me
From so great a distance
That I watched it with uneasiness,
Until desire o'ercame my fear,
And my footstep turned in its direction.

I travelled after it, over barren deserts,
And blizzard-plagued mountains;
Through dark glades in silent mists enveloped.
Pain, Misery and Terror were my sole companions–
My childhood friends left far behind.
Nor looked I back when they became obscure
And faded as a dream into the early morn.

In adulthood, with a metallic will, well-tempered by experience,
And a heart equally hardened from sacrificing
Those things precious to itself—all
Pity dissolved in ruthlessness, and love in ambition,
I pressed unwavering towards my goal.

In age I heeded not torn feet or dimming eye,
For my star throbbed and burned more brightly than before
When it had first consumed my soul;
But now it shone within my grasp . . .

I hesitated . . . then reached and took it in my trembling hands.
The warmth of that great moment filled my spirit with such fleeting joy!
Dear God! It trickled through my fingers and fell softly
To the ground beside my feet.

LOUISE MCKENTY,
Grade XI

Prize-winning Poem—Senior Literary Competition

A Piece of Bread

In the ancient city of Tallinn in Estonia, the heavy bells had been silent for two days. On the third day, before the sun had risen, before even the earliest worshipper had passed in the street, one by one the bells of the churches across the whole city began their joyful chorus and they pealed with a melodious ring that carried far along the cobbled streets, over the city walls, and out into the countryside. The Easter morning sun was beginning to disperse the fog and cold, and small, brown, twittering birds swooped from tower to tower.

By midmorning the cathedrals were filled with the poor folk and the rich, and together they sang the triumph of Christ risen. Among the devout and indifferent, standing with their heads bowed and holding between them a loaf of bread, was Nicholas Saar and his wife, Maria. Once or twice he raised his head slightly to look at her face and when she smiled or nodded in return, he closed his eyes again and moved his lips without speaking.

Following the custom of centuries, they now went forward in their turn and laid at the altar the loaf of bread that they had brought to be blessed. This sacred loaf they would take home to share with friends or relatives and any poor folk who might ask. Maria confided to her husband that she would like her mother to receive this loaf, for her mother was too old to come with them, and lay at home alone.

It was a short time after the blessing of the bread that he led his wife to their small carriage and started the single mare at a pace fast enough to allow them to reach home by the noon chimes. They exchanged few comments; for the most part their thoughts were their own.

At the cross road turning Nicholas suddenly stopped the carriage and reached for the loaf of bread in his wife's lap. He indicated the beggar under the cross road marker and was about to step down.

"Leave that! Whoever that peasant is, this bread is not for him! Leave go I say!"

"But, Maria," called Nicholas, "I must give him a piece. Look, the man needs it and your mother will still have some. Do give me a piece, only a small piece."

"My dear Nicholas, my own mother is waiting at home, and you will deny her this loaf of bread?"

"Maria, you are a hard woman. Will you not give me even a corner? I tell you, I feel I must give this man something. Look at his face, and he is lamed in one leg. Perhaps he is holy; all sufferers are holy on the day that Christ rises! Come, my own good wife, how can you force me so against my conscience?"

"You will rue this Nicholas. Please drive on." In one movement she seized the reins and slapped the mare until it progressed at a rapid trot. Nicholas sat back, then called once more to his wife before they had gone very far.

"For the sake of heaven, Nicholas, you are persistent! Very well, take this piece, but I am staying here in the carriage."

Without another word, Nicholas ran back to the cross roads, but when he reached the spot, he looked about in disbelief. The man had gone. "Only a moment ago he stood here, by this marker. There—there is his print. In heaven's name, I must give him this piece of bread. Where has he gone?" There was not a further trace of the peasant's whereabouts. The piece of bread lay in Nicholas' hand, small, moist, and somehow bitter. He threw it by the side of the road. "At least the birds may eat of it. But the peasant—he looked at us with eyes of pity not given to every man. Perhaps he was indeed holy! O God, what have I done! Why did I delay? Why did I listen to foolish words? You, good wife, how shall I live with you now and with your selfishness? You care for your mother at home and would not deny her a loaf of bread, but for a poor man whose need is greater, for him, on Easter Day, you could not spare a piece!"

Nicholas did not return to the carriage as he had gone, running, but at a slow walk, from time to time shaking his head as though it were filled with heavy thoughts. Only after they were under way again did his wife dare to speak to him for he looked at her strangely.

"And was the peasant glad to get the bread, or did he laugh at your charity, my impulsive Nicholas?"

"Neither, Maria."

"Well then, didn't you give him the bread, Nicholas?"

"No, Maria, I did not. The man had gone and not a sign did he leave. I could not find him, and I returned."

"And the bread?"

"The birds eat it by the roadside."

Here he shook his head once more, slowly, wearily.

"Ah, but why are you so sad then, Nicholas?" And Nicholas looked at his wife with a deep, strange expression in his eyes that she could not understand.

"Because, Maria, we have crucified the Christ that was risen."

SIGNE SALZBERG,—Grade XII

Decadence

Once he was a man so proud,
Always leader of the crowd.
Once he was a man so bold,
Conquering the unforetold.
Once he was a man so great,
Never dreaming of his fate.
But greed became a parasite,
Which fed upon him day and night
Until his soul cried out, "Be vain;
Much wealth is there for you to gain;
Be not humble; help not others;
No need to treat them as your brothers."
Apathy, jealousy, hatred and scorn
Pierced his heart, and he died from the thorn.

JEAN LESLIE,—Grade XII

A Flame Flickers

Smoke filtered through the smouldering ruins of the recently bombed city. In a matter of hours a wide area had been converted from industrious households, busy streets, and boisterous playgrounds, into a sombre morgue of charred timber above which skeleton walls jutted occasionally. The artificial light faded as the last fire choked and died.

Dark clouds moved sluggishly over the tragic scene. The moon threw its cold fingers of white light in playful mockery of the lifeless piles. All was quiet except for the occasional crunch of timbers as they fell.

In one charred section a black hole was formed by a roof clinging to one remaining wall. Here a frail young mother took shelter. Deep sobs wracked her body.

Again the dreaded sound broke the silence. The steady, haunting drone of bombers increased as they returned.

The woman clutched her limp and lifeless child desperately. Her reason for living no longer existed. Her entire family had perished in the merciless onslaught. She alone had survived, saving just one of her many children. This child now lay void of life, in her bosom.

For her, solitude was unbearable. Her only desire now was to die.

Although her body was uninjured, her soul was maimed. The fires had consumed her hopes and dreams, and she held in her arms the ashes, her child. She wrapped the shabby black lace shawl more tightly around herself and the child. Her gaily-coloured dress was covered with ash. Her dark complexion seemed almost black in the fading light.

The monotonous roar was broken by explosions which made the earth tremble as the murderers attacked again. The whole country was a seething turmoil, corrupted within itself. The dark planes appeared like vultures, picking clean the flesh from the great city's bones by destroying her factories, hospitals, and more of her homes. They peppered the buildings with their poisonous black eggs, each one lighting the dark city with crimson tongues of flame.

Long after the enemy had abandoned its siege, the fires continued to burn. Gradually they died, one by one.

When the cold grey fingers of dawn crept into the city, the woman was lying in the rubble prepared to die.

Suddenly, the child stirred! Unbelieving, the mother remained motionless. Gradually the movements grew stronger. Faint cries of hunger came forth.

Recovering from her astonishment, the mother wrapped her son in her black lace shawl. Her dark eyes flashed with fire. Life had been restored! Her only thought now was to find food for her child. Somewhere in this deadened city she must find something for her son to eat so that he might live.

Gathering all her strength, she staggered to her feet, holding the child tenderly. She emerged from the dark enclosure, and surveyed the surroundings. Black smudges stained her cheeks and forehead. Stray hairs lay matted on her face. Her tattered rags clung to her body. She picked her way through the ruins. She went in search of food.

BETTY NICHOL,—Grade X

One to Twenty-one

Youth-time—
When bottles, rattles, carriages and dolls,
"Up we go" fun and "down we go" falls,
Learning to eat with a fork and a knife,
Clutter your life
With joy.

Growing-up time—
When kittens, ponies, forests and food
Seem to take care of your every mood.
Climbing up trees and running down stairs,
Fill your affairs
With fun.

Changing-time—
When mothers, fathers, girl-friends and boys
Open new doors when you throw out your toys.
Going to parties and riding in cars;
Man, it's like Mars . . .
Way out!

Adolescent-time—
When fashions, formals, sun-tans and men,
Doing your homework just now and then,
Following fads and doting on Rick . . .
Life is a kick
For sure!

Adult-time—
When diamonds, furs, flowers and beaux;
Travelling to Europe—anything goes.
You soon meet the "one" and then settle down,
Wearing your crown
Of joy.

NANCY ANN EATON,—Grade XI

Prize-Winning Poem—Senior Literary Competition

Dreams Come True

William Ross dropped his morning paper and let a knife clatter on his plate. A plump woman with steaming toast and a silver coffee-pot appeared through the swinging door.

"Good morning, Mr. Ross," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes," he replied without thinking, but then he paused and reflected. "I had a strange dream. I came into money—quite a bit of it, and took a trip to England. I visited my old school, Wicksford, while I was there. Time went back to when I was a schoolboy, playing our old pranks with the other fellows." Here he chuckled over something he remembered.

"Good old Charlie Jones got the punishment, as usual. Then," he sighed, "I grew up. A bell rang, and it seemed to be time for me to leave. A chill wind blew from a door, and a dark corridor loomed in front of me. I stepped forward, and it closed around me. I walked again, but suddenly the floor wasn't there. I fell through the darkness, down and down. Then, of course, I woke up."

"I believe it will come true," he added with conviction. "My dreams always have in the past. For instance, when . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Ross," said his housekeeper, and withdrew into the kitchen. She had heard the story before, and had no wish to deal with the supernatural at that early hour.

When Ross left the brown brick house, he strode purposefully past the budding hedges and soon was seated on a big green bus labelled, "Downtown".

Absorbed in his thoughts, he did not at first notice the man in the faded grey trenchcoat who was staring awkwardly at him. When their eyes met, the stranger pushed his way toward Ross, and mumbled something as he pulled his wallet from his pocket.

"Strange," thought Ross with a little alarm, until he remembered the man's face, and an old unpaid debt. Not wishing to embarrass the man, he took the money. The man muttered a few civilities about the weather, and lurched to the back of the bus.

At noon Ross walked up the steps and into a small brick building that housed a long established men's club.

As he was having lunch, a friend ushered in a small man with a familiar, friendly face to his table.

"Do you know . . ." he began.

"Charlie Jones!" cried Ross. "I'd know your face anywhere. Why, I dreamed about you last night!" The other friend was lost in the reminiscences of "good old Wicksford" that followed. After several vain attempts to change the conversation, he left, and ate in gloomy silence at another table.

In spite of his haste to get back to his office, for he was half an hour late, Ross began musing on his dream as he walked along the street. "It must come true," he thought; "my dreams have in the past. By George! It *is* coming true. I came into some money this morning on the bus. Talking to good old Charlie was almost like being at Wicksford. Wait until I tell my housekeeper!" He gloated over the idea of proving to his doubting housekeeper that dreams come true.

What about the rest of the dream? He remembered it too, as he ascended the dark, twisting stairway to his office, glancing over his shoulder and expecting at any moment to be struck down by a dreadful calamity. Nothing unusual happened, but the dream was not soon forgotten.

After work he caught his bus and became so absorbed in an evening paper that he rode several blocks past his stop.

Walking alone on the dark, shadowy street, he thought of the dream again. The wind moaned through the knotty trees, and they cast weird, dancing phantoms in his path. In spite of himself, he shuddered as he turned into a small corridor-like lane between two apartment houses. He began to whistle softly.

Suddenly a dark figure sprang from the gloom. The man approached Ross slowly, but his features became no clearer because his collar was turned high, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. He stopped and waited.

"Have you got a match?"

Ross stood still. A thousand thoughts raced to his mind. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a matchbook. The stranger put his large hand forward and took it from him. The other hand went to his pocket.

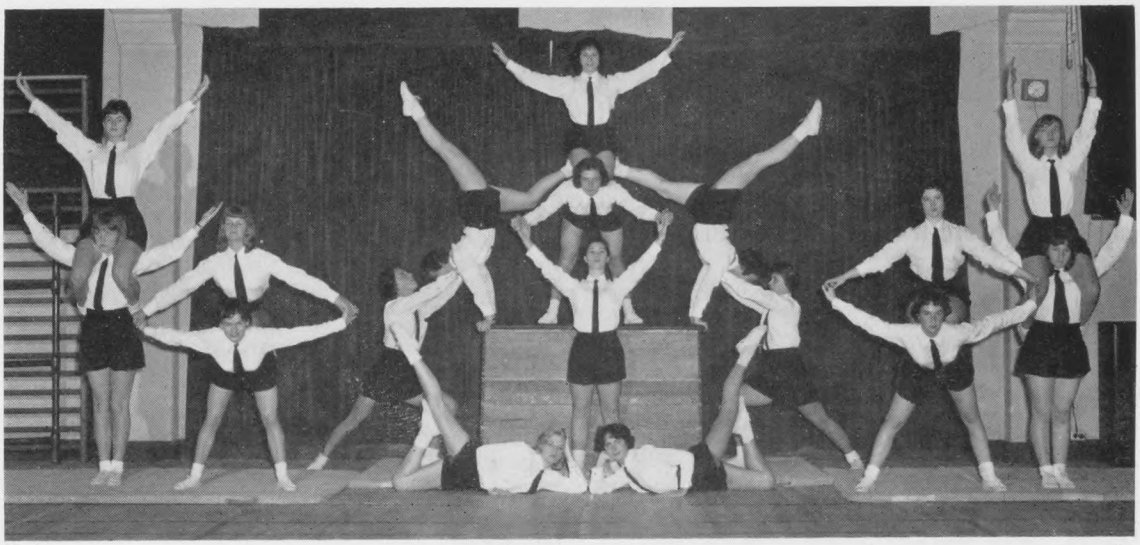
He pulled out a pack of cigarettes, lit one, and walked on.

PATRICIA MCMAHON,
Grade X

Mother and Child

And while she ran, the harsh green sage
Reached up from 'neath the cold, white snow
To prick and scratch her tiny calloused feet
That, blue with stinging cold, were numb to feel
The pierce, and only in her heart she bore
The fear and pain. Meanwhile,
The hovel shuddered in the biting wind
That knifed the thin dirt walls and blew
Upon a writhing form enveloped in the dark.
The woman's face was worn and tight with time
And pain, and from her trembling lips escaped
A prayer to God.
The wind grew still; but all too late
To help the quiet child whose tiny frozen face
Was upturned towards the darkened sky.
The tiny footprints, dimpling the fresh cold snow,
Ended where her little body lay.
Her mother's tortured pain had given way
To endless sleep; and both would rest
In peace, with God, together.

LYNNE ANDERSON,
Grade XI



SENIOR GYMNASTICS

The Most Precious Gift

Along the road trudged a tired little fellow. His sandy hair flopped across his forehead, hiding brown sparkling eyes. Frost nipped his rosy cheeks until they shone like polished apples. Purple lips cracked in the cold as he whistled a broken tune. The snow was sailing softly down as the boy plodded homeward. He reached the stone fence and hopped over. Now he was home. Impatiently he kicked the frozen door; once, twice, and then it opened.

When he was inside, a housemother hung his snowy clothes beside the fireplace. From his pocket Gerry pulled a tiny packet wrapped in brown paper. Cautiously he tore it open and revealed a blue box. Then he lifted the lid and gazed inside. Beneath a handful of crumpled white tissue paper lay a green ring. Carefully he lifted his treasure from the box and held it in his hand. Gerry was pleased with his shopping. He had spent all afternoon looking for a special gift. It had to be a very special gift because it was for a very special person. Gerry's face beamed. Tuesday had to like it. She just had to.

Evening seemed a long time in coming. Faded blue clouds were just beginning to disappear from sight. The frosty air carried voices of distant carollers. Somewhere one could hear the deep rich tone of church bells. It was Christmas Eve. Gerry pressed his nose against the icy window. It was growing dark and he could hardly see now. Tuesday would soon be here. He hoped she would hurry for the housemother would be calling him for bed shortly. As he waited by the window, Gerry thought of what a wonderful friend he had in Tuesday. He had not many friends. He had not even a mother or father. He had spent the eight years of his life in many different Homes and welfare institutions. People never seemed to bother with him and they never seemed to care. Gerry longed desperately for somebody whom he could truly call his friend. He wanted somebody who would listen to him, who would believe in him, who would love him. He thought he had found that person in Tuesday. He was glad that she was a Counsellor here. She understood him and she seemed to like him. Tuesday never lost her temper; she never shouted, and she never said an unkind word. Even when Gerry was naughty, he knew that Tuesday still liked him. Perhaps she did not approve of some of his behaviour, but she still liked him. She could always see things through and she always came out smiling.

Suddenly a knock sounded and Gerry raced for the door. She had come, just as she had promised, and Gerry was happy. He led her into the front room and crawled under the Christmas tree. There he found his neatly wrapped package. Eagerly he thrust it into her hands. "Open it, won't you, please?" he asked. "It's a present I bought for you." Tuesday was astonished. She knew Gerry had only a small allowance and she never dreamed of his buying her a Christmas gift. Slowly she unfolded the bright red gift wrapping. Now she could see the tiny blue box. She lifted the lid and a green ring revealed itself.

"Put it on your finger," said Gerry; "put it on that finger." Tears trickled down her kindly face. "Do you like it?" murmured Gerry; "do you really like it? I hoped you would, and I did try so very hard and . . ."

"It's beautiful, Gerry," she said, "just beautiful. I don't mean because it's expensive or because it's made of precious stone."

"But it was kind of expensive," stammered Gerry; "I gave my whole allowance for it."

Tuesday went on. "I meant that the visible surface piece of stone isn't rare and precious, but something buried beneath it is. Don't you see the way it glitters and sparkles in its own special way? Not the way a diamond sparkles and glows on a rich woman's finger. That kind of treasure isn't so very hard to find, and it doesn't mean anything. No money could ever buy a jewel like this one, and one like it is worth more than all the diamonds in the world."

"Gosh," Gerry broke in, "do you mean I really got a bargain?"

"Well, I didn't exactly mean that," laughed Tuesday. "I meant that it's not really the gift that counts, but the thought in giving. Every time you give a gift you give a part of yourself. Just because a gift is expensive doesn't make it mean any more. Do you remember what the most precious gift of all was to Jesus?" "No," yawned Gerry, "what was it?"

"Well amongst the line of wealthy merchants who had come to bestow on him many rich gifts of gold and silver, stood a poor peasant woman. She was dressed in a shabby cloak and she had no shoes or stockings on her feet. In her turn she dropped a single coin into the plate. When asked what was the most precious gift of all, Jesus pointed to the poor woman and said, 'Her gift was greater than all the rest; you see, she gave all she had.'

"Perhaps you can't understand all of what I've tried to say," said Tuesday, "but maybe now you know that I did mean it quite sincerely when I said that your gift had great beauty."

And then they looked down at the ring. Tuesday was right. It did glisten and it did sparkle and its warmth filled the whole room. Gerry flung his arms around Tuesday's neck. "You're my very best friend," he said, "my bestest, bestest, friend."

JEAN LESLIE,—Grade XII



SUZANNE EVANS

Time Passes Slowly

The clock in my bedroom ticked slowly onward; I thought it would never stop. Outside, cold Evening brought with her Rain who gently tapped at my window-pane.

How boring it was to have nothing to do. My grand-parents and an aunt had just arrived in London, England, and we were staying in an old hotel where elderly ladies and gentlemen hobbled around in a painful manner. The permanent residents grumbled amongst themselves at meal times and never stopped muttering. We had decided to stay in this hotel for the experience of studying English people and customs.

Afternoon tea was something to which I looked forward. Here, small cakes and delicious cookies were served with tea. The old ladies sat near together and conversed about the latest gossip.

That afternoon at tea a big, black, furry cat with large green eyes had approached me and gently caressed my legs. When I picked him up, he purred smoothly like a new motor. As I petted him, I gave him my small share of cake.

From across the room I could hear loud whispering. I caught a stately woman's hoarse whisper, "Today's children are never taught manners! Imagine that child picking up a filthy cat and feeding it!"

With my head high in the air, I arose from my throne, holding the beautiful animal firmly under my arm, and into the sunny garden we went. I played with the gentle creature only a short time for he had spotted his lady-love and leapt after her.

"But that was this afternoon," I thought; "what can I do now?"

I went downstairs to the sitting room, a gloomy room with the dark-green velvet curtains drawn and old-fashioned furniture scattered here and there. Over in a corner stood a television set. That would keep me company for some of the time!

An old man with slight traces of hair on his small head, walked in. His wife waddled after him and comfortably sat down on a huge couch, placing a cushion behind her back so as to help her sore bones.

After I had watched television for some time, the picture started flickering and the movie rolled over and over. Automatically I got up and moved towards the set to turn the knob and adjust the view. From behind me a man's quivering voice shouted, "Stop immediately, young lady! What do you think you are doing?"

"I was . . ." I commenced, but found myself cut short.

"Are you trying to ruin the television? You know perfectly well that you can't put it right. Get back to your seat!" he instructed.

I walked back to my place, trying to keep my temper. He started to turn several knobs in an attempt to set a clear picture, but this was hopeless, and the picture grew steadily worse. He switched off the machine.

"Really! The management ought to buy a new one; this one is quite obsolete." His wife and he departed and I wondered what I should do next.

I decided to explore the dark hotel. Walking back to my room, I started on my explorations,

following the old, red, hall carpet which led me to the top of an unused staircase. Nearby stood a door ajar. I peeped into the obscure room which was a bathroom, in poor condition. I descended the stairs.

At the foot of the ancient staircase, I found an old piano whose keys were yellow and partly broken. This would surely be my best friend! I started to play softly as I dug into the depths of my mind for memorized pieces. I played more and more loudly as I gained confidence.

From the top of the stairs a woman's high-pitched voice rang out, piercing my melody. "Stop that noise at once!"

Humbly I shrank away from my companion as my hopes were dashed to pieces like a ship at sea which, in a fog, has blindly ended on some deadly rocks.

I watched my clock as it slowly ticked on.

GAIL LONG,
Grade IX

The Storm

The lightning flashed and the thunder roared,
The rain came down and down it poured;
The wild wind whipped the trembling trees,
And forced the bushes to their knees,
A veil of storm-clouds hid the sky
Once blue, now black, with their deep dye.
A crash, a flare, and then a peace,
And then again, its powers unleashed,
The storm gave vent to mighty rage,
The hills, the hollows, vales, it flayed;
It pounced on leaves and drove them down
Into the soaking, shaking ground;
It worried flowers, then let them lie;
With hardened heart, it watched them die;
It swelled the waters of the stream,
Where they had lain in pensive dream;
They frothed and foamed, and, troubled, swept
Between the banks where they were kept.
It tore the branches from the trees
To fling them far across the leas;
The fields of wheat which in the sun
Had softly waved, were everyone
Out-flattened; and the storm raged on.
But soon the dark storm-clouds were gone;
The shrieks became a whistling sigh,
The sun shone through the fresh-washed sky,
The creeks and groans of battered trees
Changed to notes of softer keys;
Then came the final drops of rain,
But these were of a gentler strain.
The countryside lay sore and torn
Because of what had passed—The Storm.

MARGARET KOSINSKI,
Grade XII

The Hat

It was a cold, dark night. The fog rolled in slowly and heavily from the ocean. Far out, I heard the muffled sound of foghorns as the last boats crept slowly into the harbour for the night. Through the heavy, dark fog, I saw the blurred light on the Statue of Liberty as I stood on Brooklyn Bridge. I heard the water of the East River splashing against the shore far below me.

The time, I supposed, was about one o'clock in the morning. I had had trouble sleeping so I had decided to go for a walk to clear my head. As I gazed into the blackness, I heard footsteps approaching the bridge. They came closer and soon I could discern the figure of a man walking along the sidewalk towards me. He passed me and stopped a few feet further on.

"Out for some fresh air?" I asked.

"Yes, I couldn't sleep," he replied.

He stared forlornly into the fog, not even glancing my way. He kept gazing into space as if in a daze. I noticed that he was very well dressed and looked distinguished. He had a small gray moustache and goatee, and wore an expensive-looking trench coat and a black homburg. He was about sixty and obviously wealthy.

"Same reason I'm here," said I. "Got something on your mind?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I have; something very serious."

"Care to talk about it?" I asked.

"Well, . . . have you ever thought of . . . of . . . killing yourself?"

"Killing myself? Heavens no! Why should you even think of it?" I inquired, rather startled.

"I guess you don't know me. My name is Arthur Van Dorn."

"Van Dorn . . . of course! You're the man who . . ."

"Yes, I'm the man who just lost every penny on the stock market."

Then I realized why he was dressed so well and why he talked of suicide. A few days before I had read about him in the paper.

"I worked all my life for what I had, and now, 'Poof!', it's gone." He snapped his fingers as he spoke. "Have you ever thought what death would be like? Quick, painless, death?"

"No, I can't say I have. Personally, I think it would be terrible! Leaving all your friends and family . . ."

"I have no friends, no close ones. They are all just business acquaintances. No family either, no one would mourn at my funeral," he said dismally. "I guess I shouldn't be saying all this to you. It must sound strange to someone who has something to live for."

"But you have something to live for—life itself," I said. "You can't kill yourself! Why don't you face up to your troubles, instead of running away from them?"

"I guess I haven't the courage," he remarked sadly. "I haven't the courage to face people now that my reputation is gone."

"But you could make a fresh start. It might be difficult, but you're a clever man; you could do it."

There was silence for a moment as if he were considering this possibility.

"I suppose it's feasible, but I would rather not discuss it any longer," he said, sounding a little less depressed.

A clock in a church tower tolled two o'clock. Mr. Van Dorn turned to me.

"Good night, and thank you," he said.

"Good night, sir, and good luck," I called as he strode away across the bridge.

I stood where I was for about half an hour, thinking of this strange encounter. Then I noticed that the fog was lifting and a clear, starry sky appearing. It was going to be a beautiful night. I felt my walk had done me good. My head had cleared and I felt I could go home and sleep well. I started walking off the bridge, and before leaving, gazed out over the water once again. The moon shone, making a path of light across the glassy water. Suddenly I saw in that path, floating on the surface of the water, a black homburg hat.

JUDITH KNIGHT,—Grade X

The Wooden Horse

The time is night and all is calm and still—
In that fair city, Troy, atop the hill,
The tired, triumphant warriors are abed,
The watchmen slumbering, for the Greeks have fled,
Leaving a token of esteem.
To win the gods' forgiveness and redeem
Great Troy.

That night, the Greeks awoke in their hideout
Without a sound, preparing for the bout
By sharpening swords and saying prayers to Mars.
They moved out stealthily beneath the stars,
Hoping that they would gain their rights,
Taken from them in other fights
With Troy.

The Trojans, unprepared, were easy prey;
The Greeks victorious, killing all the day,
Showed no mercy, and, appearing pleased,
Slaughtered Paris, and great Helen seized,
Who was the reason for that wooden horse
Which had brought death and much remorse
To Troy.

CAROLINE DAMERELL,—Grade XI

The Call of Spring

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins were a quiet couple, living in a small cottage in the country, and enjoying the simple things of life. Mrs. Hawkins, a sweet, kind woman, spent her days looking after their little home, while Mr. Hawkins drove a bus, just a ramshackle bus with which he picked up the school children and a few grownups. He was no longer young, but, once in a long while, he yearned to do something different. He suppressed this desire, however, and went on doing the same thing, day after day.

One beautiful spring morning he started out as usual, kissed his wife, took his lunch-box, and off he went. There was a difference this morning; it was spring, and he had that feeling again. He walked to the bus depot, stepped into his bus, and started on his old familiar route.

Several people got into the bus, and then the school children with their laughter and gaiety; this was what made life worthwhile, the children. They always made him feel better.

He looked up, and could see the school, but before he reached it, the thing happened. He turned the wheel and was off down a little trail, through the fields, around the lake, up hill and down. The grownups looked startled, and thought he had lost his senses, but the children laughed with glee. On and on he went as if driven by a higher power, and soon everyone was enjoying the little spree. The grown-ups were thinking how long it was since they had noticed the blue of the sky, the crocuses, the sweet songs of birds. They did not even notice the bus stop, and Mr. Hawkins get out, followed by the children.

He stood for a moment, with a rapt look on his face, then stopped to pick flowers. The children helped him, and soon they were back, arms full of flowers, filling the bus with the breath of spring.

All too soon they were back on the main highway. After he had deposited his passengers safely, he turned towards home, feeling ashamed of his childish whim, and worried about his job.

Next morning he was called into the manager's office. Mr. Murdock looked at him sternly and said, "Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mr. Hawkins looked dejectedly at the floor, and said, "Nothing, sir; I just felt the need to do something different; I'm sorry."

Mr. Murdock's expression changed to one of amusement. "Don't feel sorry, Hawkins. We have been besieged by phone calls, asking why we don't have a regular sight-seeing bus, and that's just what we are going to have—with you in charge."

DARLENE PETHICK,—Grade VIII

Prize-winning Story—
Intermediate Literary Competition

Friendly Enemies

"Dinner Time," announced Theodore Murphy, looking at his gold watch. "I hope they left some Swiss cheese." Theodore was not a man, or a boy, but a chubby, beige mouse. He lived with his family in an old-fashioned house in the city. The Murphy mouse family lived peacefully behind the sugar bin, in the kitchen.

Out scampered Theodore. He ran across the kitchen and onto the lowest shelf of the cupboard and stuffed some food into his waistcoat pockets.

He returned to the sugar bin and the Murphy family settled down for their dinner. There was the usual quarrel over who gets what, but soon they were eating peacefully.

"Did anybody see you?" inquired Mrs. Murphy.

"No. Madam never comes into the kitchen, and Kitty, the cook, is very short-sighted. She wouldn't harm us, anyway, because I heard her tell the mistress that she used to have a pet mouse," said Theodore, between bites.

They ate heartily, and went to bed.

In the middle of the night, Theodore woke with a jerk. "What was that?" he asked himself. "Could it be? . . . No, no, of course not! It couldn't be a dog barking." He soon dozed off again.

The next morning, the rosy sun shone into the bin and woke the mice with its warm beams tickling their little noses. Theodore dressed, and scampered into the kitchen to find some breakfast. He had just reached the cupboard when . . . "Ruff! Ruff! Grrrr!" Two huge creatures charged at him! He ran like lightning until he reached the bin. Mrs. Murphy was jumping up and down squeaking, "Eek! Eek! Eek!"

"What was it?" cried the scared twins.

"A dog," panted Theodore. "And what's more—two dogs!"

The Murphy family spent three miserable days with very little food. Theodore managed to escape each night, to the kitchen and hunt for scraps, but that was all.

One night when Theodore had crept into the cupboard, he smelt something burning. He looked at the stove and gasped. "The cook has left a pan of grease on the stove. She forgot to turn the burners off!" Suddenly a blazing flame leapt up from the pan. Then more flames, and more! The cupboards were on fire, and soon the door would be too. Theodore was desperate! He ran into the pantry where the dogs slept and managed to wake them by squeaking. The chase was on! Theodore led them to the kitchen. The poodles stopped, sniffed, and then howled. The cook and butler rushed into the kitchen. "Here, here! What are you barking for, you silly mu . . . Fire! Fire!" screamed the cook.

After some time, the fire was put out and everybody was settled. The dogs received some bread and bones as a reward from the cook, and the house was quiet again.

The next morning, Theodore peeped out of the bin, and saw the poodles, Dufy and Louis, talking to each other. Then Dufy nodded his head and they both pushed some food in front of the bin.

Soon the dogs and mice became the best of friends. The mice helped to remove burs from the dogs' fur, and every morning, a neat little pile of food appeared outside the sugar bin for the Murphy family.

KATHLEEN CURRY,
Grade VIII

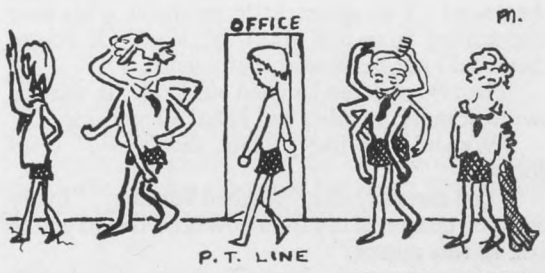
The Lake (Three Moods)

A raindrop falls on a glassy surface,
And then another, besmearing it with shining circles
Until the hissing fills the quiet air
With whispered tales of tranquillity.

Rumblings in the distance—nature's warning of her fiercest mood—
A sudden rake of blue-white fire rends the black, restless clouds;
Then a crash, and sheet upon sheet of rain.
Squalls mottle the surface like hackles;
The wind sends the waves foaming, grappling, straining
To reach their tormentor;
A sickly pine shudders—surrenders—
Falls—as a sacrificial appeasement.

A breathless night and silent . . .
A huge and yellow sphere in a velvet sky
Sends its light shimmering across the water.
A loon cries out into the loneliness;
Another answers from afar,
Its sorrow rippling over the surface;
Others join in sympathy;
The echoes come back crazily, and in thousand-fold
Until the lake is ringing.

LOUISE MCKENTY,
Grade XI



PATRICIA McMAHON

Trouble

Joan and her little brother, Bobby, had just arrived at the sea-side and were down on the beach for the first time.

Of all children they should have been most happy and content, but do you think they were? Oh dear, no. They had never been in such a bad mood.

They quarrelled and grumbled about everything. Mother had bought them two new spades —one with red paint on it, the other with green, and they fought for the red one, though the green one was just as good.

One new pail had a little dent in it. So they struggled for possession of the other one. When they had finished arguing, the other pail also had a dent in it.

When they finally began to dig, they both wanted to build in the same place, as if there was no room for both to play on the great wide beach.

"Well, you look happy," said Mother, walking up to them. "If this is how you are going to spend your holiday, you had better go home."

"It was her fault," bellowed Bobby.

"No, it wasn't; it was his," cried Joan. "He jumped on my castle."

"She was digging where I wanted to," wailed Bobby as he pointed to his overturned pail.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried Mother putting her hands to her ears. "You sound like two little goblins!"

"I'm not a goblin," cried Bobby between his sobs.

"Well, you ought to see yourself in a mirror," said Mother in disgust.

"But he shouldn't have jumped on . . ." began Joan again.

"Oh, Joan, do be quiet. Can't you see anything to be cheerful about on all this lovely beach?"

"No, I can't," wailed Joan.

"Then come with me, both of you," said Mother, taking their hands and leading them to a small circus-like building. "I'll show you something."

Grumbling all the way, they failed to notice that Mother was leading them to a distorting mirror.

"Now, just look at yourselves, and see what other people think of you."

They looked into the mirror, and what a sight they saw! Two queer little creatures with long tear-stained faces and short fat legs. Of course they could not be miserable any more.

The two children laughed out loud. It was the sweetest music Mother had heard all morning.

"We did look like goblins, didn't we?" cried Bobby.

"You certainly did," laughed Mother. "Every time you quarrel or cry from now on, I'll send you to look in this mirror."

LYNN TAYLOR,—Grade VII

Mount Olympus

Far up on Mount Olympus, high,
Is the realm immortals occupy.
Zeus is King and Hera Queen,
Poseidon rules the sea, serene,
And Cupid with his arrow and bow
Sets many a lassie's love aglow.
While Pallas Athene is very wise,
Aphrodite lights men's eyes
For she is fair—Goddess of Love.
When we speak of the world above,
We must include Diana who
Reigns o'er maidens and hunting, too.
Of Gods the Greeks had many more,
Who now are known the whole world o'er.

SUSAN RILEY—Grade VIII

Prize-winning Poem—
Intermediate Literary Competition

A Day to Remember

"Yes," smiled my grandmother, "when I was a child, Christmas was a day to remember in the dreary, long wintry months.

"For weeks in advance we would think of presents to make—gifts were made in those days, not bought. Mama would make padded coat hangers out of feather ticking, and cover them in a cheery red or blue, ornamented with tiny white bows. Papa would bring home all sorts of candies, ribbon, Christmas balls, and other pretty decorations, for he owned the only General Store in our village of St. Anne's.

"Robert, my brother, who is your uncle, and I, would work diligently and have our sums completed before bedtime. Then we would begin making gifts or cards. After this, just before we went to bed, Papa would read us a small excerpt from the Christmas story in the Bible.

"My mother and I would bake Christmas cookies, and adorn them with coloured sugar and 'dots'. This was our surprise for the rest of the family. My father and brother would cut the tree as their surprise.

"The night before Christmas, we would gather in the parlour to decide who would decorate the tree. There was always the question, 'Would you rather help to decorate the tree, or be surprised? I usually answered, I should like very much to be surprised, please?

"The whole day long, the hustle and bustle made me want to 'peek', but somehow I always restrained myself. After supper we would sing carols around the tree. How superb the tree was! Strings of cranberry and popcorn hung in gay festoons from all sides. Coloured balls, crimson and blue, and my cookies, hung from each branch.

Beautiful coloured candles, the only light in the room, added to the festivity. A blue star always graced the top, and I called it 'the blue star of Bethlehem'.

"On Christmas morning, we would scurry downstairs, two at a time, to the presents. One year I received my first pair of buttoned-to-the-top boots and a divine pair of white kid gloves. How proud I was!

"After opening our presents, we went to church, bundled in the red sleigh, and then all the family and relations gathered for a traditional, grand family dinner. To end the day, we gathered around the creche and sang carols, and dreamed of the gift that brought great joy to Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem."

"Yes, Christmas in my day was a day to remember, she repeated as she handed me my Christmas present and wished me a happy Christmas."

JOANNE RILEY,
Grade VIII



BLACKBOARD DRAWING

by ELSA RENSAA, Grade X.

How Boiled Rice Came About—Perhaps

In North America lived many Indian tribes. One large tribe was the Plains Indians. In a small tent lived a poor family consisting of a mother, White Fawn, a brother, Clumsy One, a father, Big Hunter, and a sister, Cross One. Every year in the autumn, the tribe went down to the marshes and gathered wild rice. This they soaked and dried, and ate in the winter. It was very hard to eat because it was like leather, but it kept hunger from gnawing at their stomachs.

One day as White Fawn was soaking some rice, it began to grow cold and she told Cross One to build a fire. Cross One built the fire and told Clumsy One to get some stones to make a fireplace. When Clumsy One returned with the stones, he tripped on the protruding root of a tree and spilled the stones into the fire. When he had picked himself up, he pulled one of the stones out with a stick and picked it up. It was so hot that it burned his fingers and he dropped it right into the bowl of rice. Since they never wasted anything, this rice was also saved, and one day was eaten. It tasted so good and was so easy to eat that after that they always dropped hot stones in with the rice and boiled it.

MARGARET BERRY,
Grade VII

The Revenge

She stood tall and straight on the edge of the cliff. Her sharp ears heard the lonely call of a loon across the lake. The wind rustled the leaves around her. Beside her stood a dark dog, his great bulk mingling in the shadows with her delicate loveliness. The sun sank slowly as the canoe came closer.

She remembered her home in the wilderness. The long hot summers, alone except for her friends —the dark dog, a squirrel, and a lynx. She could not remember her parents; they remained only charred ruins and yellow sand in a shaft. She remembered the first canoe that had tried to land. Lobo had frightened it away. Years later, another appeared, but its occupants had not feared Lobo. They carried long, loud sticks of death, very very different from the silent knife which she used to kill. She remembered the look in their eyes as they found the yellow sand in the shaft. They went away but returned—was it only one moon ago?

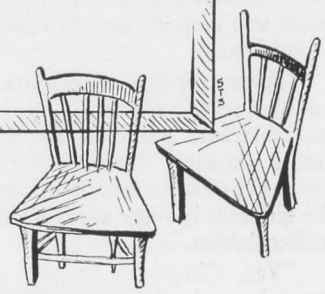
The three occupants of the canoe were now clearly visible. A man and two large women frantically paddled for the safety of shore. They seemed in fear of something, yet, nothing followed them. The three did not notice the silent figure on the cliff above.

The shadow above watched them land and make camp. Darkness settled. Then she moved, silently and steadily, down the rocky path. She reached the clearing where they slept. Her cat-like eyes found each figure on the ground . . . .

Slowly she glided into the canoe and left the island, the big dog always at her side. The bodies of her victims were soon left far behind.

JO-ANN ANDREWS,
Grade XI

Our Juniors



My Two Birds

I have two birds; one is green and one is blue. The green one is called Timmy and the blue one, Bluebell. Mother lets them out of the cage after I have my dinner. We have fun. Timmy loves balloons and sits on my hand and head.

One night we let out the birds and they began to play with their toys. They had a toy called Mamma Bunny, and Timmy pushed it up and down with his beak. Bluebell sat on its body and pecked it. Then mother put the birds back into the cage and we all went to bed.

HELEN HAY—Grade I

The Fat Family

There once was a bat
That was terribly fat,
And there was a cat
That was fatter than that.
The sweet little mouse
That lay in the house
Was afraid of the cat—
And the cat of the rat.

LINDA HELLOFS—Grade I

Forest People

Forest people have a very large home,
With acres and acres in which to roam.
Animals big, and animals small
Pass by each other in a common hall.

CATHERINE HAMILTON—Grade V

The Wicked Witch

I was walking in the forest and I saw a house. I went into the house and a witch said, "Now I will put you in a cage," and the witch went to the kitchen and brought the snake soup. I had to eat it. Then she let me out and I ran home.

ANNA HUNT—Grade I

The Messy Puppy

Messy puppy was a happy puppy, but when the little puppy was grown up it had little babies. One puppy's name was Tip. When the mother went out, Tip had fun in the green grass in the sun. The mother dog came back and she said, "Now I will feed all of you." When the puppies had finished, they played together until the sun went down.

JOANNE SWYSTUN—Grade I

The Sun

Sun, sun, you are so bright,
How do you get so much light?
Where do you go when it is night?
Young lady, I go out of sight.

JOYCE KINZIE—Grade II

The Singing Tree

Once upon a time there was a singing tree. It lived in a kingdom where a princess called Elizabeth lived. Every day that the princess came out, the tree sang, "I'm quite big but Elizabeth is wee, for I'm past five and Elizabeth's just three." Elizabeth asked some girls to hear the singing tree. While the girls were there, the tree sang to them. It sang about a golden crown full of jewels like the King's. It sang about little girls who were like the jewels in the crown. All the girls clapped their hands and thanked the tree.

MARTHA PENNOCK—Grade II

My Monkey

I have a little monkey who lives in a tree;
He can swing by his tail and chatter like a bee.
He has a round, round nose and short brown hair;
He has curled up toes and the rain he cannot bear.

CATHERINE NEWCOMBE—Grade III

The Day

Say, say what a beautiful day!
When the morning light starts,
I do my own will,
Feeding the birds on the window sill.

Say, say what a beautiful noon!
I'll go skipping quite soon,
Like the birds on the tree
I'm as happy as can be.

Say, say what a beautiful night!
It's time to sleep tight,
I'm asleep in my bed,
Sweet dreams in my head;
Say, it has been a wonderful day!

JANE DOIDGE,—Grade III

The Princess' Green Shoes

Once upon a time there was a princess who wanted some green shoes for a dance. She went into the store and bought them, but she did not know that they were magic.

Her mother thought that they were very pretty and told her to put them on. She did not want to put them on because she was just going to have a nap to be ready for the dance.

When it was time for the dance she put on her evening gown and her new shoes. But suddenly her feet stuck to the floor and she started to cry. Her mother came in and said, "What is the matter, dear?"

When the clock struck eight-thirty, her feet were not stuck any more. So she went off to the dance.

When she saw the prince's shoes she screamed, "Take them off!" but the prince did not understand and he started to laugh and said, "You silly girl." Then suddenly his feet stuck to the floor because the princess' magic green shoes had walked over to him. He screamed, "Let me loose!" He became a statue and that was the end of the prince. The princess married another prince and never wore the green shoes again.

SUSAN SAUNDERS,—Grade III

The Mouse

There once was a mouse
That lived in a house,
And there once was a cat
That lived in a hat.
The mouse had a bat
That was so fat
And what do you think of that?

JOANNE SWYSTUN,—Grade I

Bobby's Sweater

Jenny is Bobby's aunt. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. Bobby is seven years old and is very short but sturdy. On weekends he goes to his aunt's house and watches her do her knitting. Jenny once knitted a sweater for Bobby. It was dark brown with a black horse on the back. Jenny showed the pattern to Bobby. Bobby said he liked rabbits better so Jenny got a pattern with a rabbit on it.

Jenny had almost finished the sweater and Bobby was getting very excited. As soon as Jenny had finished the sweater, she said he could wear it. Bobby showed all the boys his sweater. They all wished they had a sweater like it. One boy named Jim did not like Bobby and was determined to tear or take the sweater away from him.

One day while playing baseball with the other boys, Jim came along and tore Bobby's sweater. Bobby cried very hard when he saw the hole. When the week-end came he took the sweater to Jenny and she said she would mend the sweater for Bobby.

MARTHA GREATREX,
Grade IV

If I Were A Frog

If I were a frog
I'd sit on a log,
And bask in the sun all day.
I'd sing a song to other frogs
And drive them all away.

BEVERLY KNIGHT,
Grade II

Pots and Pans

One day in the kitchen there were lots of pots and pans. This story is about pots and pans and me. The kitchen is a wonderful place for pots and pans.

I went out one day and while I was gone the pots and pans came out. They ran from all over. It was fun for them. The pots and pans were talking to each other and having a lovely time.

They started dancing and playing all around. The pots would slide all over. The pans would walk. They swung on to the Mix-master. They went inside the oven and climbed on the racks and thought it was a jungle-gym.

I came home when this was going on. One of the pans saw me. He told them that I was home. The pots and pans went back to their places and never came out again.

JANE FERGUSON,
Grade IV

The Princess' Green Shoes

Once there was a beautiful Princess who loved to dance but she had no shoes. One day she went out for a walk in the woods. She heard someone crying. She looked around and saw a little elf caught on a branch of a tree, so she let him go free. The next morning when she woke up she found a beautiful pair of green shoes on her pillow. She put on the green shoes and danced in her room and out of the door and into the woods right to where the little elf was sitting. This made the little elf very happy.

ALISON GREATREX,
Grade II

The Clock

Everybody at school had an alarm-clock except me. I was hoping to get one for Christmas, but all I received were a few things in my stocking. However, I did not give up because my birthday was in January. Finally January came. I eagerly opened up Grandma's present; it was a dressing-gown. I opened my aunt's present, and it was bubble-bath. Finally I opened Mum's and Dad's present. It was an alarm-clock.

That night I set my alarm, and wound it up. I awoke in the morning to find it had not gone off because it had stopped. I thought the money I had would pay to have it mended. I took it to the jeweller and he said it would be about five dollars. I only had two dollars, so I said that I would take it home.

I went home very sadly, and I started to take it apart myself.

Inside was a little compartment, and to my surprise it contained coins and dollar bills. I hurriedly told my mother and father, and they went to the man they bought the clock from and he said he knew nothing about it. We told the police and they said it was the money that was stolen from the new bank on Portage. Because it was not all the money stolen we only got half the reward money, but we were very glad anyway.

Late that night the buzzer started ringing and we could not stop it. It went on for half an hour. Finally the police came to the house to see what the noise was about. We told them our troubles and they opened the clock and found a little piece of paper which turned out to be a map. The policemen knew at once what it was. Early next morning the police went with us to the woods and followed the map.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at a small shack. We went up to it very quietly and peeped in. Inside were some men counting some money. The police arrested the men and we went home. Now my clock works perfectly.

JUDITH CLOUGH,
Grade VI



GRADE THREE AT PLAY

A Puppet's Marriage

One night a little puppet called Polkadot Bones was playing tiddley-winks, when in the moonlight he saw another puppet named Teena. He called to ask her if she would like to play with him, but Sally, a doll, thought he meant her and came over. Being a very polite little puppet, he did not tell her what he meant.

After they had played one game Sally went back to her spot on the toy shelf, so then Polkadot Bones went over and asked Teena to play with him.

She said that she would like to. You see, she was very glad to know some one.

After their game was over Polkadot asked if he could introduce her to all the toys. Then Teena asked him if he would marry her and he said he would love to but first he had to get a ring. She said that she could wait, and he went outside to look for a ring.

The first person he met was Wiggly Caterpillar. Polkadot asked him if he knew where he could get a ring, and he said, "Yes, Grandma Spider could make one for you." So Polkadot went to Grandma and asked her if she could make one. She said that she could and in five minutes it was ready.

Holding the sparkling ring Polkadot thanked Grandma Spider and went home where everyone was waiting especially Teena. Teena had already asked Friar Tuck to perform the wedding, so when Polkadot came in everything was ready. The wedding was soon over and every-one was happy.

PATRICIA PENNOCK,
Grade VI

The Gnome

One day I was out in the forest,
And saw a little home,
I wondered what was in it;
It was a little gnome.

He had a little hat on,
And it went ting-a-ling,
It was a very little bell,
That made it ring, ring, ring.

He had a little coat on
And it was scarlet red;
At eight o'clock he likes to see
Every child in bed.

VICKI GRIFFITHS,
Grade V

The Mysterious Horse

John, James and Dick Davis wanted to find a horse and tame him, but their mother did not approve. She said that they were too young and would probably fall off the horse while trying to tame him and get badly hurt.

Dick, who was only eight years old, kept pleading with her. Finally she gave in and said, "You can try, but I do not see where you can find a wild horse." They had not thought of this, but John said, "Don't worry, we'll find one somehow."

"I hope you don't!" said Mrs. Davis.

The next morning they started out. They took some lunch and walked through woods and over fields and every other place you could think of. They came home at dinner time looking very hot, hungry, and tired.

They kept this up until one day at the end of the week they travelled so far they became lost. They became very hungry. They were sitting down to rest when a stray horse came up to them. They couldn't believe their eyes. The horse was brown in colour and looked as if he were thinking. Suddenly he said, "Ten." He said it again and looked at them with a look as if to ask if it was right. They were too scared to move. Dick had a sugar lump in his pocket so he gave it to the horse. Right after he had finished the sugar-lump he said, "Eight, add two, add six, add five, equals—" A minute after that he said, "Twenty-one." They knew then and there that something was the matter with this horse. He started to go in one direction so they followed him. In exactly a day they reached home. Dick ran to his mother and said breathlessly, "We found a horse but there is something funny about him."

"What?" asked Dick's mother.

"He does arithmetic," said Dick. They both ran out to see him. Suddenly Dick stopped so fast that it caused Mrs. Davis to run into him.

"Where is Dad?" asked Dick.

"He went out for a walk," said Mrs. Davis with a smile. Just then they heard the horse say, "Two times ten is—twenty," and Mr. Davis jumped out of the horse costume. Mrs. Davis roared with laughter.

"I won't ever look for a wild horse to tame after this experience," said James.

JEAN RILEY,
Grade V

My Cat

My cat's name is Toto. He is a funny cat. He has blue eyes. He is a Siamese and he is ten years old. One day he went for a walk and he met a wizard and the wizard changed him into a dog. Instead of saying, "Mew-Mew," he said, "Bow-Wow". Then the wizard went away. He dropped his magic wand. The cat picked it up. He touched himself with it and he became a cat again.

CATHERINE THOMAS,
Grade I

The Graceful Deer

Swiftly and gracefully leaps the deer,
Over a log or a streamlet clear;
Up the tree-clad hill he bounds,
Even the quick-running hare he astounds
With his speed; the graceful deer.

His legs are slender with clean-cut joints;
His head is crowned with antler points;
His ears alerted for every sound;
At a strange, new noise he's off with a bound
Through the woods; the graceful deer.

KATHY NEILSON,
Grade VI

Lola and Roly Poly

On October 16th, 1887, her fourteenth birthday, Lola White went on a canoe trip with her father in the Lake of the Woods.

At noon, she and her father had just finished lunch. "Let's go out paddling," Lola suggested.

"A good idea," said her father. Soon they were out on the cool, fresh water, dipping their paddles. Not a noise could be heard, until a shrill scream came from Lola. This alerted her father. He picked up the gun, looking everywhere. Suddenly he spied a big black bear, swimming with long powerful strokes for the canoe! He fired. The large, dead body was being dragged behind the canoe, when a sudden cry came from the woods, and a funny, little, black figure appeared. "Daddy, it's a wee baby bear!" exclaimed Lola. "Let's take him home. I'd take good care of him. As a birthday present, could I have him? Oh please!"

Mr. White sat thinking, sighing now and then. "All right, Lola," he laughed. "We shall bring him back in two years. Now, be very careful. We're going to get him."

Lola sat still with one eye on her father, one eye on the bear. It was not easy to get the bear into the canoe, but with great difficulty they did.

Next day Lola and her father were again back at home. When John, the butler, saw Lola leading the bear by a dog leash, he hid behind the door.

"What shall I name you?" Lola said to the bear, as they were playing on her bed. "I know," she said, after a long time, "I'll name you Roly Poly. Do you approve?" The little bear gave a nod of agreement. Lola and the bear got along very well together, except at Roly Poly's bath time.

On her sixteenth birthday, Lola remembered what her father had said. Did he remember? Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by her father's voice, "Come on Lola, we're going on a canoe trip. Bring the bear along too."

On the second day of the canoe trip at breakfast time Lola's father asked, "Do you remember what I told you when we caught the bear?"

"Yes, Daddy," said the sobbing Lola.

"Well, we'll leave him here today," her father explained solemnly. "I know how you feel, but we can't keep him any longer."

They went over to the island where Roly Poly was first found. Quick as a flash Roly jumped out of the canoe and began running to the forest. Then he turned back to Lola. She took a brown button off her jacket and tied it around his neck. "Roly, I want you to go. Please go!" she cried. Roly lifted his innocent eyes upward as though he understood. He turned his back and waddled off into the forest, not once looking back.

In the year 1890 Lola's father had a hunter to dinner. Mr. Jackson, the hunter, was telling one of his bear-hunting experiences. Near the end of his story he said, he had found a string with a tattered, brown button on it tied around the bear's neck.

KAY WILSON,
Grade VI

Portage and Main

Portage and Main,
In the rain,
Is the busiest place I know;
Umbrellas here,
And raincoats there,
All hurrying to and fro.

Portage and Main,
When the sun is out,
Is quite a different place;
With colourful clothes,
And gay windows,
And many a friendly face.

CATHERINE PENNOCK,
Grade V

The Way Out

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Michael. He was always wanting to explore the woods. One night when his Mother and Daddy were away, he went outside.

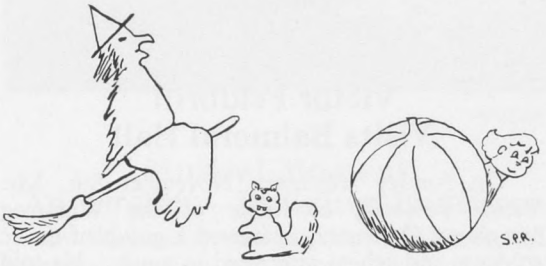
In the woods, he saw a light. "What could it be?" Michael thought. "Could it be robbers?" Michael listened and he heard a man say, "Throw it down before someone sees that light." "Throw it down where?" thought Michael. "There must be a hole or an underground tunnel to throw something down."

When the men had gone, Michael crept out from behind the bush and went to the place where the men were standing and he saw a deep hole with

a ladder going down one side. What did Michael see when he turned his head? He saw his brother Jan running to him.

When Michael had told Jan all about the men and the hole, they both began to climb down the ladder and heard a loud bang behind them. They turned around with fright. The door had been shut on them. Michael said, "I wonder if there is another way out." Jan began to cry and the door opened and a man let them out. The two boys never went in the woods again.

ANNE TYSON,
Grade III



SUSAN RILEY, Grade VIII

Fun at Hallowe'en

"The Junior School had a Hallowe'en Party on Friday afternoon, October 30th. It was a nice party. I was Merry, the Fairy. I had a mask on and a veil and a crown. I had wings and a wand. I had on a very pretty dress. My wand was a star and a stick. My crown was made of cardboard, and the veil was tucked under the crown. My wings were pinned on to my dress. My dress was white with diamonds on it." (Beverly)

"I was a haunted ghost. I had a great sheet over my head. It was so long that I couldn't see. It was too long. There was no mouth, so I couldn't eat, so I just had to take it off to eat." (Patricia)

"I liked the party too. I was a senorita. I had a beautiful black lace dress. I had a pink band to hold my veil on my head. My veil was black lace too." (Alice)

"I had a very nice time at the party. I was a Mexican boy. I had a big yellow Mexican hat. We played a game. The game was fun." (Margot)

"I went as a gray squirrel. I had some whiskers and ears. I had a bushy tail. It was taller than me." (Lorraine)

"I was one of the three little kittens. I wore a little black mask and a little yellow dress. We had lots of fun. We had a Hallowe'en cookie and some ice cream. When we left we were given a sucker and an apple." (Alison)

Grade II

Red

I have a little dog;
His name is Red,
And if Mother would let me,
I'd take him to bed.

He is a cute little pup,
And so full of tricks,
And to show his affection,
He gives us all licks.

He has to be walked,
And he has to be fed,
But I just can't imagine,
My home without Red.

SUSAN BRACKEN—Grade VI

On the Mountains

We ski on the mountains,
All covered with snow;
The beautiful mountains,
Where we love to go.

We slide on the mountains,
'Neath the bright winter sun.
Come slide on the mountains—
We'll have lots of fun.

When evening has come,
And shadows are long,
We'll leave with a smile,
And singing a song.

NANCY SYM—Grade VI

The Weasel, the Stoat, and the Vole

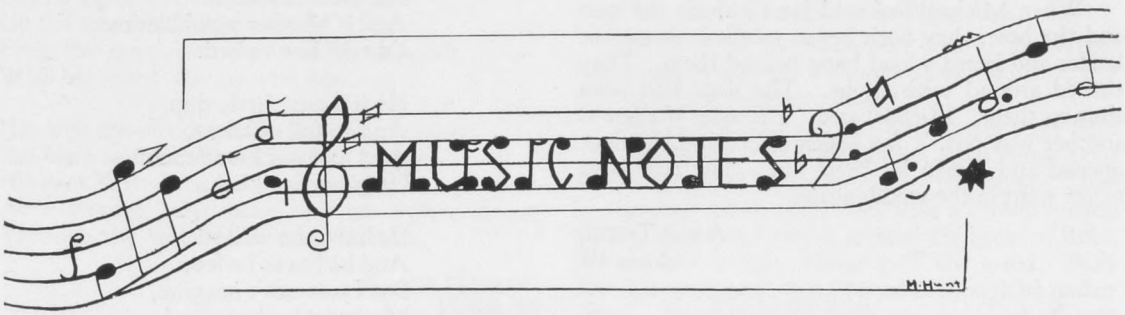
A weasel and stoat by a river bank lay,
Waiting to pounce on some unknown prey,
The air was cold, the river fast,
The wind blew in with an icy blast.

The weasel was white, the stoat was brown,
Spotted with white was the soft sleek down;
Their claws were sharp, their bodies sleek,
Their friends courageous, their enemies meek.

A vole approached, his eyes were wary,
His grey-brown coat was rought and hairy;
The weasel and stoat, they crouched to the ground,
Then pounced on the vole with a leap and a bound!

The vole succumbed to this terrible fate,
And was eaten alive at a startling rate.
The weasel and stoat by the river bank lay,
And licked their chops on that winter day.

HERMIONE DAMERELL—Grade IX



Music This Year

The music this year has been better than ever. In November at the Organ-building luncheon, interludes of song were given by the Junior and Senior School under the direction of Mrs. Birse. Visitors were impressed by the quality of the singing from Kindergarten to the Senior Choir which sang the Finale.

From the beginning when the Choir entered carrying lighted candles, singing created the atmosphere for the Carol Service at Christmas. The carols varied from a little one called "Snow-flakes" sung by the Juniors, to the "Carol of the Bells", sung by the Choral Group and Choir, and included such favourites as "The First Noel" in which the congregation heartily joined.

At our Thanksgiving Service and on several other occasions, the School Choir has sung special anthems. On Remembrance Day we sang, "Lord, Make Us Free", and on May 6th we sang "O, Perfect Love", because it was Princess Margaret's wedding day.

There are few hours in the day when sounds of music are not coming from the practice rooms, and Education Week brought a special programme at which a group of piano pupils shared the musical honours with the senior singing classes. In May, the pupils of Mrs. Bach and Mrs. Baxter gave a piano recital and Mrs. Flood's pupils performed early in June.

Music is well-loved at Balmoral Hall. The School enjoys singing at prayers every morning, and the Choir members value the special privilege of the extra opportunities they are given of exploring interesting music.

Julia Berry
Betty Nichol
Grade X

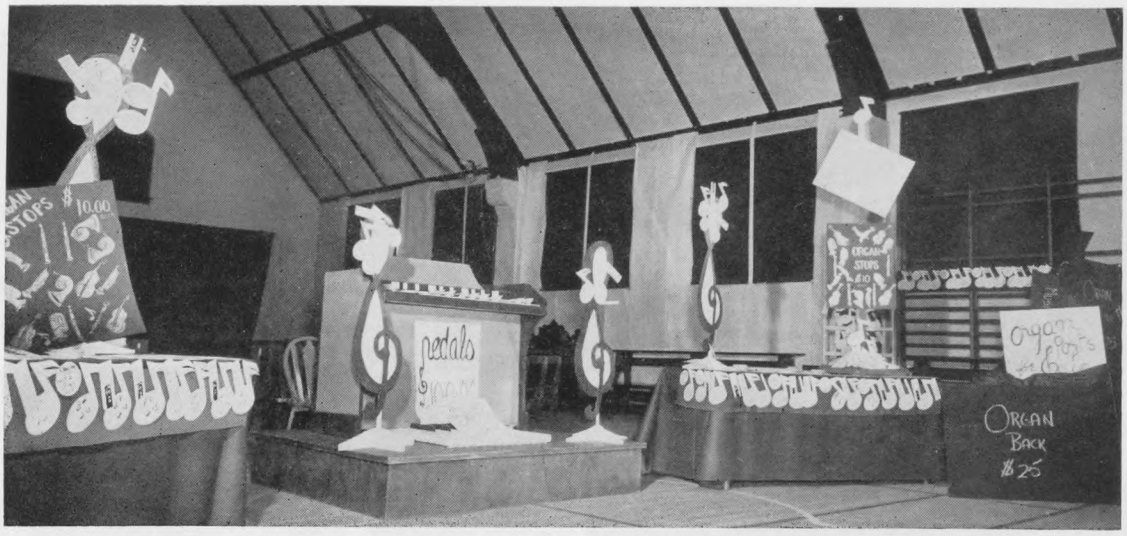
Victor Feldbrill Visits Balmoral Hall

On Sunday afternoon, November 8th, Mr. Victor Feldbrill, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, addressed a group of music students and others interested in music. He told the group that his own musical career began when he was twelve with the study of the violin. When he was fourteen, he had the chance to conduct the school orchestra. Conducting intrigued him so much that at seventeen he began to study it intensively. He said that he felt that a musical education should be an important aspect of every child's life, but added that parents should not regard the end of music lessons as the making of a child into a virtuoso, but rather as the widening of his appreciation and understanding of music, and thereby, the enriching of his life.

Mr. Feldbrill also discussed the formation of a symphony orchestra in a city. Firstly, interested musicians are invited to apply for an audition. From the many applicants, only those who reach the standards set by the conductor are chosen. To this nucleus, the best aspirants from outlying districts may be added. Thus, even though the orchestra may be a part-time occupation for him, each player must be an accomplished musician. In group playing, however, individual talent and interpretation must be sacrificed to the wishes of the conductor. The conductor also plans the programmes and prepares the orchestra for per-formances with guest artists. Once the orchestra is formed, concluded Mr. Feldbrill, its future depends on the interest and support of the community.

Mr. Feldbrill's visit undoubtedly created increased interest among the group who heard him on this occasion, and we hope that he will return.

Diane Bishop,
Grade XI



NOTES FOR SALE

Musical Moment
An Organ - Building Luncheon

On Wednesday morning, November 25th, the Mothers' Auxiliary had placed a mock organ "in the red" in the centre of the gymnasium. They had raised a giant keyboard along the walls, and placed staves, clefs and notes everywhere to proclaim their Musical Moment.

By eleven-thirty, white notes had already started to appear on the curtains as a result of the expert shopping service which attended to mail orders. As the morning went on, the curtains became a mass of notes of every size, and every mother, student, and friend of the School proudly wore a white eighth note to show that she was a shareholder in the new organ.

At two o'clock the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. A. S. Leach, announced that the organ was assured, and by the end of the day, a substantial beginning had been made towards an Organ Scholarship.

To entertain the "shoppers", interludes of song were provided by each grade in turn, from the Nursery School upwards, and an excellent lunch was served in the dining-room by the mothers.

Once more our Mothers' Auxiliary was victorious, for no organ has ever sold more parts, nor built itself more quickly.

SIGNE SALZBERG,
Grade XII

There's Always A First Time

Our new organ was dedicated at our Carol Service just before Christmas. Those of us who had been playing for Morning Prayers were naturally wondering if this privilege would now go to a qualified organist, or if we would ever have a chance.

Early in January, Miss Murrell-Wright asked me to meet her for an organ lesson. I was amazed, I was frightened, and I was excited, but off I went with my Hymn Book to keep my appointment.

Lesson one taught me how to unlock and open the organ without scratching the sides, and how to lock and cover the instrument when I had finished. We talked about the various stops and I was shown the automatic pedal stop which I must use until I learn about the pedal board. Then Miss Murrell-Wright gave me a hymn to play and, setting my hands on the keys, I began. By the wrinkles in her forehead I realized that I was playing many wrong notes, but we moved on to the next step and I looked at the instruction book. What a lot there is to learn about the stops and their uses and about organ technique!

The following day I saw my name on the list to play for Prayers in two days' time. I practised my two hymns on the piano until I felt I was note-perfect, but as the hour drew near, my knees grew weaker. One of my better qualified friends played while the school filed in, but soon the opening hymn was announced. My hands touched the keys and, sure enough, there was an organ sound. In fact, I played both hymns and began to feel more confident.

Now as I became more familiar with the organ itself and with the stops and the effect of stops, I look forward to this special privilege once each week. There are so many new ideas to try, and so many new hymns to learn that one could spend hours experimenting.

My next challenge is to learn to use the pedals. I can see that it will require many hours of practice but I cannot wait to begin!

JAQUELINE LYE,
Grade X



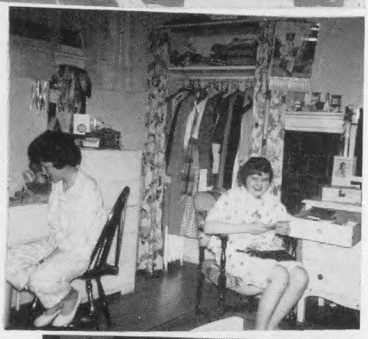












CANDID









CAMERAS













LIBRARY REPORT

THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE 1959-1960

LIBRARIANS:

Pamela MacCharles
Lori McDougall
Signe Salzberg

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS:

Wendy Bracken
Carol Cranston
Judith Cowie
Caroline Damerell
Margaret Fisher
Lynn Funnell
Margaret Kosinski
Gail Steele
Nancy Webb
Deidre White

GRADE X LIBRARY COMMITTEE:

Julia Berry
Linda Miller
Elsa Rensaa
Elsie Shandro
Janis Thorkelsson
Anita Urquhart
Dilys White

YEAR'S ACTIVITIES

During Young Canada's Book Week in November, we held our annual Library Quiz in the Senior School. The final question produced a number of ingenious stories, which were to be composed chiefly of book titles. The best of these are printed below. The winners of the Quiz were, in the Senior Section, Suzanne Evans, and in the Junior, Nora Baker. Braemar obtained the most points. We congratulate them!

One can readily imagine that, as the number of books increases, space becomes scarce, and soon, a problem. During the Easter Holidays, therefore, a number of unread (or unreadable!) fiction books were discarded, unused reference sets removed, and the shelving of the fiction section shifted to cover the far wall of the Senior Library.

Among activities in the Junior Library, displays of posters, charts and books on such topics as Fairy Tales, The Commonwealth, Animals and Astronomy were part of the effort to interest young readers in some of the many subjects found in their library books. During Education Week this spring, a display of Canadian books was on view in the Senior Library. These displays, and much of the routine circulation and other tasks in both Libraries, were the responsibility of the Library Executive.

With the circulation of so many books, some are bound to sustain a certain amount of damage from time to time. To repair these books, Pam MacCharles and a group of helpers met on many Thursday afternoons with glue, thread and binding cloth. "Gone with the Wind" has now been repaired three times this year! We cannot be too grateful for the work of the "doctoring" group; appreciation can best be shown by a little more care for books borrowed from the School Libraries.

Additions to the Libraries

Many new books have been added to both Libraries this year, including both purchases from the Library Account and gifts from many sources, and the total of over 150 accessions is indeed impressive! We acknowledge gratefully many gifts from parents and friends, including the books, still coming in as this report is written, and not included in this year's total, given in response to our appeal for fiction for the Senior Library. We are particularly grateful for the latest edition of the "World Book Encyclopedia" which was given to the Junior Library last summer, and which is of great value to Juniors seeking information on all topics; and we were fortunate to receive from the publishers the up-to-date "Encyclopedia Britannica", for the Senior Library.

Our record collection also grows, and we are beginning to build up a useful selection of recordings of Shakespeare's plays. Two more of these have been added this year.

The scope of the picture file in the Junior Library continues to expand, thanks to the interest and patient work of the mothers who have contributed to it.

The Library Committee of the Mothers' Auxiliary has done some valuable research into the best available editions of the children's classics, to ensure that we may have a complete collection of the standard classics. This project has done much to enhance the quality of the Libraries.

To all the parents and friends who have helped the Libraries in so many ways, we extend our thanks.

PAMELA MACCHARLES
LORI MCDOUGALL
SIGNE SALZBERG
Chief Librarians

Royal Marriage

Commended Entry in the Book-Title Contest of the Library Quiz

In *Jalna*, the *city of bells*, *Shirley* and *Jane Eyre* climbed down *the thirty-nine steps* into *the old curiosity shop* where *Oliver Twist* and *Rebecca* awaited them.

They were going to the King's wedding on *Green Dolphin Street* at the foot of *Gentian Hill*. As they walked by the *deep-flowing brook*, *Johnny Tremain* and *Maria Chapdelaine* joined them. The *towers in the mist* could be seen as they walked along *the bridge of San Luis Rey*.

They arrived at *Northanger Abbey* and bowed before the *seats of the mighty Scarlet Pimpernel*, *Ivanhoe* and *Napoleon*.

The bride entered with her father, the *Count of Monte Cristo*, and her sisters, Mary and *Emma*, followed as bridesmaids. Behind them came the King and his brother, *Lord Jim*.

They knelt before *the robe* of *the little minister* and he blessed them, saying, "I hope your *love is eternal* and that your *lust for life* continues."

The service ended and the bride, with a *royal flush*, followed in *the path of the King*. Shirley and Jane left by the *door to the North* and walked through *the little flowers* to their *Uncle Tom's cabin*, which was *far from the madding crowd*.

DORA DEMPSTER,
Grade IX

Two Hours in Switzerland

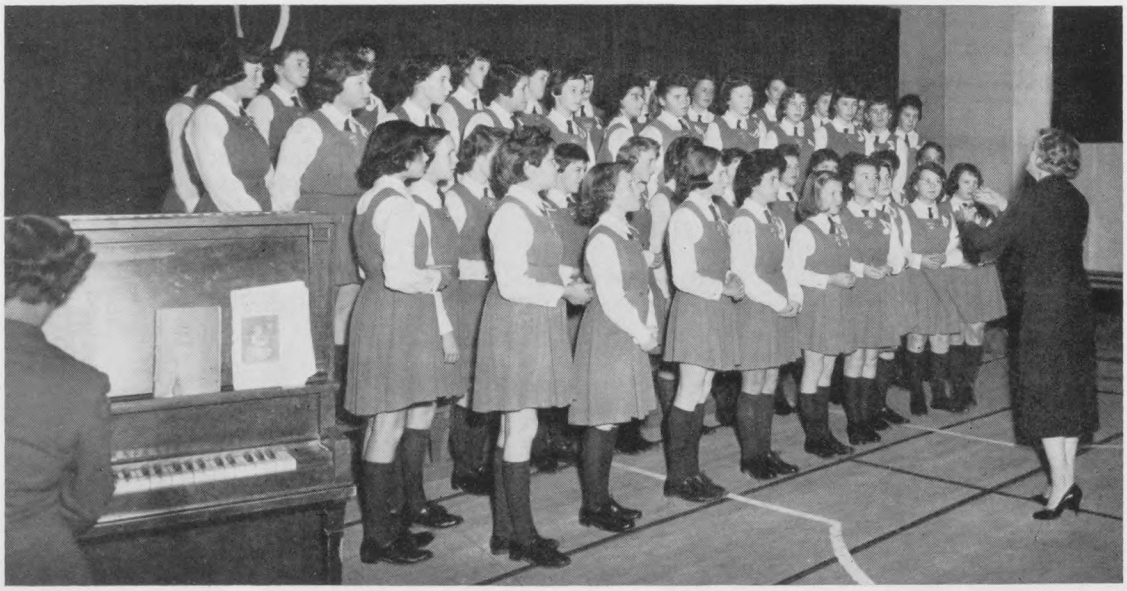
On Tuesday, October 27th, most of the senior school saw a very fine film about Switzerland. Mr. Lundi, who showed the film, is Swiss himself, and so is well acquainted with and completely devoted to this lovely country. He kept up a stimulating and often amusing commentary throughout. He left for a few moments at one point during the movie, and amazed us all by returning dressed in a beautifully embroidered native costume. During a brief intermission he told us that in Switzerland there are sixty different men's costumes, and over a hundred women's. On the screen we later saw remarkable girls' costumes with lace caps and gaily coloured skirts.

Nothing could compare with the scenery. Who could forget the unbelievable Lac Bleu, so clear and still that its fish appeared to be suspended in air? The fields upon fields of wild flowers were a topic of conversation for some time afterwards, as were the mountains and quaint villages.

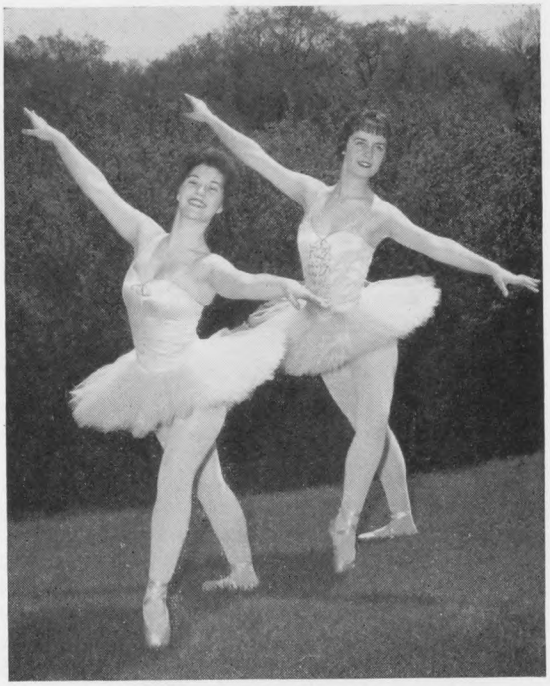
The climax was the Swiss version of a "Fox Hunt". One could almost feel the thrill of skimming over the snow on skis with the "fox", as the "hounds" followed in hot pursuit. Who could help but appreciate the fox's wiliness and sense of humour when she tied her would-be captors' skis into impossible knots, or when she donned different winter garments, took a camera, and placidly photographed them as they flew by? But all good things must come to an end, and the fox was at last surrounded. She received a face full of snow for being so elusive, and fox and hounds returned together, the best of friends.

Mr. Lundi told us a legend that when the Lord had made the earth in six days, He found that He had a little of all the beautiful things left over. With these, He made Switzerland on the seventh day to please Himself. As we watched the last enchanting scenes, we felt that we could appreciate how this legend had arisen.

LOUISE MCKENTY,
Grade XI



A SINGING CLASS



MARGARET FISHER and MARGOT GOODER

Banff School of Fine Arts

Banff! How often I think back on the summer spent there at the School of Fine Arts! It was a six-weeks' course in painting that I chose, although one could study, besides painting, such related Fine Arts as ballet, drama, music, languages, and crafts. This summer, Margot Gooder and Elaine Glena both received scholarships in ballet, and Diane Bishop joined the piano class for two weeks. Yet we saw comparatively little of one another since our activities and companions led us along separate routes.

Let me relate something of our activities. First, the excursions our art classes made. They were not ordinary excursions, but ones when oil paints spilled or melted in the sun; ones when lunches were lost, forgotten, or compressed; ones when we would get back to school just in time for dinner, and had to eat in slacks and smocks—forbidden costumes in the dining room! On the last outing we went to Lake O'Hara, a silent lake in the mountains, high above the main road, which could only be reached by small jeep lorries that ground and cracked up the rough, steep way. Since no tourists had managed the ride that day, we were left sole patrons of the lodge and open fireplace, and we drank tea and warmed ourselves before exploring. I think only one dutiful soul attempted a sketch. Whenever our location was near a tourist trampled spot, we were amused, but more often embarrassed, by the inquisitive faces of sun-glassed visitors who would appraise our work from over our shoulders. One small girl asked me cautiously whether she could buy my sketch for twenty-five cents! It was a very fair offer, I thought.

At mealtimes an efficient shuttle service between the kitchen and the tables brought food and dishes, and we sometimes employed ingenious schemes to obtain extra desserts. As a number of my roommates were taking French Conversation, I also frequented the French Table in the dining-room. Fortunately we managed not to starve, although some persons who either accidentally or stubbornly also sat at these tables, hardly able to utter a French monosyllable, were not so successful, and only by underhand whispers or desperate gesticulations received their helpings. In the absence of an instructor at the table, however, English was used rather more often than necessary!

Memories of the "off hours" vary from horse-back riding, tennis, and canoeing, to weekly French Evenings, and long walks accompanied by "quelques merveilleuses chansons françaises". Sometimes there were singsongs in the residence, and late-night philosophical discussions, and sometimes we dreamt up unusual pranks.

How difficult, and perhaps impossible, to tell all that was gained! But I know that it will be refreshing and inspiring to recall those days, for they will be a strong staff on which to lean whenever I begin to feel "weary of considerations, and life is too much like a pathless wood . . ."

SIGNE SALZBERG,
Grade XII

The Social Scene

The Hallowe'en Initiation party went off "with a bang", with everyone costumed this year and participating along with the initiates. The buoyant "Auntie Maime", and the Prefects' skit, "Perse-cutin' Prosecution", were outstanding. A small boy on a tricycle with a ticket for speeding pleaded in vain with the hard-hearted judge.

"Cupid Capers" had a Parisian flavour this year, with checkered tablecloths, and wine bottles as candleholders. Red hearts, gold arrows, and lace frills reminded us, however, that this was still our Valentine Dance.

Grade VIII and IX may have expected a few lingering April showers at their May Day Dance, for large coloured umbrellas filled with balloons hung everywhere. From all reports, the dance was a huge success.

With the rest of Grade X and the Graduates, we are now looking forward to the Graduation Dance which usually adds a glowing finishing touch to the School's social scene.

PATRICIA MCMAHON
JUDITH KNIGHT



White House at Sea

Admiral Elliot thumbs through the log of the good ship "Balmoral", and chuckles as she recalls one memorable day.

May 8

600 hrs.—Seaman Laycock up first again — sitting in crows' nest awaiting "Dawn".

800 hrs.—Breakfast interrupted by loud splash. Kosinski walked the plank. Burnford and Cowie late again.

1100 hrs.—Bo'sun Evans and his mate, Rensaa, held turtle races on the poop deck.

1200 hrs.—Delicious Chinese food for lunch—compliments of chief cook, Shan Dro; end of Macduff's diet.

1300 hrs.—Unfortunate mishap to Hawkins and Snodgrass during strenuous game of shuffleboard. Situation remedied by Able Seamstress Anderson.

1400 hrs.—Ship's hairdressers, MacArthur and Reid, carrying a pot of red dye to Madame Mitchell's Beauty Salon, collided with "Speedy" McDougall, the cabin-boy, but deck-hand Jones soon swabbed all clean again with her portable golden mop.

1600 hrs.—S.O.S. from "The Dougall" received by radio-operator Andrews from marooned mariner deRoche, afloat in a tub for three days without a coke.

2000 hrs.—Ship's concert. Petty-officer Fisher rendered "Some Enchanted Evening" with improved accompaniment by Midshipman Lye—only 62 wrong notes. Gooder, the Chief Steward, gave a dramatic reading of one more chapter of "Bushes of Briar"—the latest novel. Lindy Funnell, a stewardess, demonstrated "The Limbo Dance" seen on a trip to Hawaii.

2100 hrs.—Stowaway found in cabin of a merchant called Muter. Identified as Charlie Albertsen and thrown into the hold.

2200 hrs.—Midshipman Scrase played "Taps" on her mouth-organ, and another day ended with "Muscles" MacCharles on watch with fearful companion "Cuddler".

Red House Directory

	Known As	Home town	Famous For
Arneson, E.	Libisnuth	Lac du Bonnet	her cry, "Ride 'em, cowboy!"
Baker, N.	Nortz	Winnipeg	saying, "Brack!"
Dempster, D.	Dumpy	Saskatoon	being Scotch
Gibbins, R.	Kibes	Shoal Lake	whistling
Lansky, D.	Ditto	Carman	being born in Denmark
Leach, L.	Peach	Winnipeg	once owning seven dogs
Long, G.	Jo Jo	Costa Rica	feline characteristics!
Lucas, S.	D. Duck	Regina	interest in Verne
Malone, D.	Deird	Winnipeg	hopscotch
McKee, D.	Muckeekie	Winnipeg	shouting, "Psst, buddy!"
Mitchell, D.	Di	Manitouwadge	singing, "Old Shep"
Pitt, L.	Fitz	Kenora	her letters
Riley, C.	Cuda	Calgary	badminton
Schmied, C.	der Schmidt	Churchill	her stuffed animals
Shandro,	Shannie	Edmonton	her mother's food
Smith, C.	Bubbles	Prince Albert	gymnastics
Swaffield, L.	Jewell	Eskimo Point	taking water on cereal

What Would You Have Done?

Stranded, that is what you might call it when you have to stay in bed with a cold and you feel perfectly all right.

It all began one day near the end of term when I started to cough during an examination. I soon had my own little glass of iced water on my desk, along with a box of cough drops, a box of Kleenex, and, of course, my exam paper.

That night after supper, a thermometer was put in my mouth and it was declared that I had a temperature. So, over to the infirmary I went. I thought I looked a bit like an Eskimo with my coat on top of pyjamas and dressing gown, knee-socks pulled up over my pyjamas, and great big boots on. In one hand, I carried a shopping bag overflowing with my belongings, and in the other, a pillow and my blue pyjama dog to keep me company.

The days that followed were the most boring of my life. I hardly saw anyone and if it had not

been for my radio and pyjama dog, I should have died of loneliness.

I was overjoyed when I was finally told that I could get up the following day, but I still had to entertain myself for one more day. What do you suppose I did? I counted all the cars that went past my window! The grand total at the end of the day was one hundred and seven cars, twenty-one trucks, sixteen station wagons, and forty-three buses.

Well! What would you have done?

LILY SWAFFIELD,
Grade VIII

Angels in Pigtails

On October 7th many of us attended a concert given by the Obenkirchen Children's Choir. This choir consists of about thirty girls in bright red dirndl skirts, white blouses and black velvet jackets, and seven boys in lederhosen. Many of the girls had pigtails reaching to their waists. The choir-mistress was Edith Moeller, who was one of the founders of the choir.

The programme included a wide variety of tunes such as "Ave Maria", by Anton Bruckner; a French song, "Three Young Drummers"; the negro spiritual, "Were You There?"; and a Russian song, "The Little Bell". We were very much impressed by the choir's excellent tone and harmony, and enchanted by their accents in the English songs.

The concert ended with "The Happy Wanderer", written especially for this choir by Friedrich Moeller, the director's brother. The children have made this song their own, and seemed to sparkle as they sang it. Their excellent performance and obvious enjoyment makes it easy to understand the great success this group enjoys.

JAQUELINE LYE,
Grade X

To A Wild Canary

We saw a bird up in a tree,
He soared on high and flew, carefree;
We wonder if the reason be—
He gets his transportation free.

His perky little tail is yellow,
And he is quite a charming fellow,
He plays, and sings, and spreads good cheer;
It does your heart good, just to hear.

We'll miss him when the fall arrives,
And he departs for warmer skies;
But in the spring, we hope we'll see,
That he's returned to the apple tree.

DARLENE PETHICK,
Grade VIII

A Literary Party

Commended entry in the Book Title Contest of the Library Quiz.

One fine day, Old Goriot who pushed *the apple cart* through *London*, was having a party. The merriment in the *old English* house on *Green Dolphin Street* with its plaque saying, "*Bless This House*", under the *green light* above the door, spread to *the bees* who buzzed gaily and the *crescent moon* which lingered during the day.

The majority of *the forty-five* guests assembled in a room to chat, to hear a *daughter of the rich* Robert Browning as she played the "*Dead Puppets' Dance*", or to watch *Rosemary's eight cousins* do *crazy stunts*.

Everyone was glad to see *Commodore Hornblower* wearing *clothes with character*, after ten years travelling in *Canada*, *Morocco*, and *Asia*, especially since he had gifts for everyone. When he had finished *presenting Jane Austin* with a *Japanese nightingale* he presented *Adam Bede* with a painting of the *Canadian Rockies*.

In one room *far from the madding crowd*, *the old ladies*, led by *old Mrs. Camela* gathered to discuss *the amazing marriage* of *Colonel Lawrence* and *Madame Curie only yesterday*.

From the nursery where the young girls were looking after the baby, strains of *the cradle song* and *Andersen's fairy tales* could be heard.

MARILYN HAWKINS,
Grade XII

Sailboats

Grey is the sky,
Blue is the sea,
My sailing boats
Sailed away from me.

White are their sails,
Through the wind and rain,
They fight the gales,
And leap in pain.

Through raging storms,
Through dark, dark nights,
They fight the seas
With all their might.

Across the sea,
So wide and blue,
My sailing boats,
May come to you.

KAY WILSON,
Grade VI



THE SENIOR SCHOOL

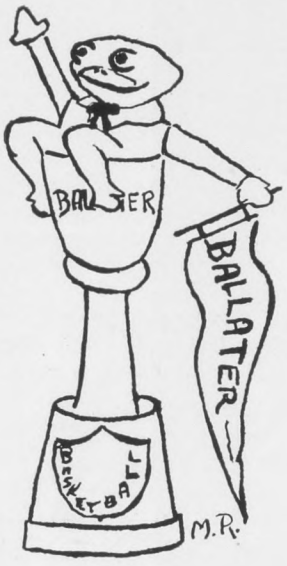
JUNE, 1960



THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

JUNE, 1960

BALLATER HOUSE



Dear Ballater,

Looking back over this year, I think it has been a successful one. Ballater may not have won the Shield, but you have worked and played for your House, and this is what counts.

It is not always the one who gives the most points who is the best House-supporter. The one who, with no effort, contributed three points for academic work, has less to be proud of than the one who earned two by always doing her best. Similarly, it is not only the experts who are welcome at games. In fact, we felt it was really the spectators who pushed us to our greatest victory—the Basketball Trophy! I salute our poets, Louise McKenty and Jackie Lye, and I also commend all the others who sent in a story or a poem, and even those who tried.

And apart from the activities where points are reckoned or winners declared, there are endless ways in which you have supported your House. Every time you have taken the trouble to have a tidy uniform, to be courteous and helpful, or even just to smile, you have added something to the success of your House.

And for special contributions to this success, I thank Mrs. McDiarmid, our staff adviser; Margaret Fisher, our Games Captain; and Rosemary Allison, our Uniform Monitress.

I wish you all the best of luck next year.

With much love,
BARBARA,
Head of Ballater.

BRAEMAR HOUSE

Dear Braemar,

The goal for which we have been striving for nine years, the Sir James Aitkens Memorial Award, appears almost within our reach. This may be our year! The hard work you have put into all school activities, plus "a little bit of luck", have kept us in first place as far as Easter. This is where we should be, don't you agree?

You began the year determined to raise Braemar's standing, and you did. We had triumphs in fields as varied as academic work and broomball. I give special congratulations to Jean Leslie who did so well in all branches of the Literary Competition, to Nancy Ann Eaton whose poem won first place, and to Judy Knight who scored the winning goal with her broom and won a place in both Library Quiz and Literary Competition. I should also like to commend Nancy Russell, Millie Shandro and Susan Riley for their enthusiastic participation in House activities.

Juniors, bring all your enthusiasm for Braemar into the senior school with you. Having Junior House meetings was a great pleasure for me.

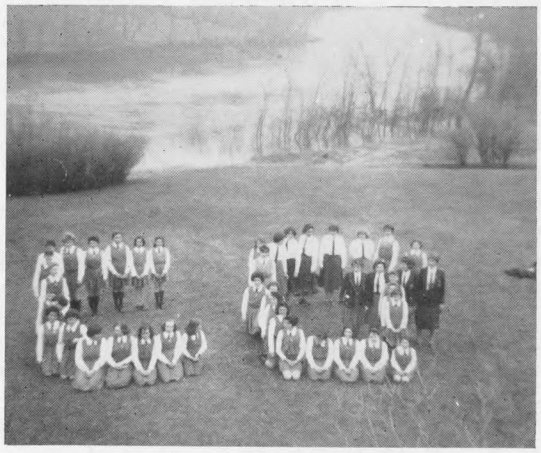
I wish to thank Judy and Marilyn with all my heart for the wonderful jobs they did as Sports Captain and Secretary. I also thank most sincerely our staff adviser, Mrs. McEwen, who has guided me to the right track many times.

I feel very fortunate to have been the Head of Braemar this year. May our shaggy dog continue to bring the House good luck.

Much love,
MARGOT,
Head of Braemar.



CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE



Dear Craig Gowans,

As your House Head, I have had the privilege of knowing each of you as an individual and all of you as a family, full of good sportsmanship and enthusiasm even though we have had our problems.

You can be proud of your neat uniforms and of having the highest academic standing at Christmas. By our combined efforts, we came second in the Library Quiz and Literary Competition, and I congratulate Darlene, Gail, Betty and Lynne Anderson in the Senior School, and Patricia, Cathy, Jean and Deirdre in the Junior School, for their success in the latter. Even our 8:30 practices had a purpose —we won the volleyball cup! And Juniors, you made up for our loss in basketball.

House meetings! How could I ever forget them? When I have left here, I shall laugh over my attempts to outwit you. I have learned, however, to strive for the good of all. If I compare the House to the Golden Gate Bridge, you will see what I mean. Should even one of its cables be faulty, the whole beautiful structure would collapse.

Now, as I say goodbye, I thank you who wear the yellow pin, especially Lynn and Diane, for your support and encouragement. To "our" staff I say that your interest has always carried us through any disappointment. I know that the girls who are returning will make the lucky girl who is your Head next year, enjoy working with you as much as I have.

I shall truly miss you all.

Much love,
LORI,
Head of Craig Gowan.

GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

Dear Glen Gairns,

Here we are once more at the happiest and saddest time—when we review a year's achievement and say goodbye.

We have had our share of victories. Sports Day is yet to come, but Rosalind Wallace and Kathy Curry have already won the high jump. Judy Harris won the story section of the Literary Competition. You energetic Juniors gave us either first or second position in Junior games every term. Your Senior sisters did not do as well, although I am sure that it was just by luck that Braemar obtained the deciding goal in that broomball game! In conduct, at least we were first at Christmas.

It is good to be the winner, but if we have to give up the Shield in a week or two, I would just like each one of you to take stock of the contribution you made. Were you one of the strong links in the chain of your House, or did you leave one of the gaps through which slipped the points we needed?

I give my thanks to the strongest of links, our House Officers, Carol Cranston, Rosalind Wallace and Brenda Howat. I am indebted, too, to each of you whose votes gave me the unforgettable experience of being your leader.

Good luck to you all, and remember to give your best in all you do.

Much love,
PAM,
Head of Glen Gairn.



Early to Bed

There was an old lady who said,
"You should always be early to bed,
And when you arise
You'll have big bright eyes
And you'll feel like getting ahead."

DEANNA SILVESTER,
Grade VI

CLASS NOTES

Tensville Gulch

In the sheriff's office is Al Shandro, dauntless lawman, and his deputy, Jake Lye. In wanders Cal Nairn, editor and only reporter of the "Gossip Gazette", trying to dig up something on Julius Berry, vendor of a "wonder-cure" to the townspeople, and rum-runner to the Indians. By chance, Old Nick, the town doctor, has spent the night in jail after consuming too much stuff intended "for medicinal purposes only."

In the Ball Hall Saloon, Dangerous Dan McNaughton is pounding the piano keys. Bill Nichol, the card-sharp, is playing an innocent little game. A long, lean cowboy, Douglas White, is talking to the bartender, Bart Laycock. Plotting in the corner are the bad guys, Gabe Swinden, and Josh Thorkelsson. Josephine and Cynthia, the entertainers, are giving a show.

Walking down the street, one can see the barber, Fearless De Roche, talking to lawyer, Lindsay Miller. Marching down the street, parasol in hand, is Monica Dowse, the head of the Temperance Society, followed by her Band of Hope, Anita. Miss Albertsen, the schoolmarm, steps out of the tiny school and rings a bell.

In the Tenth National Bank, Jud Knight, the crooked bank teller, counts the money, and Andy Sellers, the manager, recounts it.

At the livery stable, the blacksmith, Ed Rensaa, is unharnessing the horses from the recently arrived stage coach. Duffy, the driver, is taking down the bags. Sam Evans, the Wells Fargo agent, is welcoming a well dressed dude, Rob Genser. The daily commuter from a ranch way out in the desert, Pat McMahon, gallantly assists Sieglinde Hansen, the Icelandic soprano come to sing in the Opera Hall, as she steps daintily from the coach.

Nine Witnesses for Murder

The courtroom was crowded for the trial of Louise Sinclair of Masinck Interior Decorators for the murder of Dale McKee, architect for Quinn and Baker, Interior Design Company. Dr. LeBeau, the coroner, had just confirmed in abstruse terms that death had been caused by a bullet wound.

"Silence in court!" shouted Sergeant Lucas, in resounding tones.

G. G. Long, counsel for the prosecution, then called the first witness, Cecilia Smith, Olympic gym champion, who testified that on the afternoon of the murder she was having treatment from Miss Leach, Physiotherapist. Looking out of the window, she had seen Miss Sinclair leave the Quinn and Baker Building, look hastily up and down the street, and hail a Terry's Taxi.

Miss Sinclair was then called to the stand by J. Sutherland, her defending counsel, where she testified that at the time mentioned she had just left a luncheon with Millie Shandro, the petite fashion model of the House of Folliott, in order to call for her dog at Dempster's Breeding Kennels.

Attorney Long then called a series of witnesses to testify to the bitter rivalry between the two interior design companies. Miss Linda Pitt stated that while acting as hostess on J. Smerchanski's plane she had overheard the accused tell Miss Damerell of the British Embassy that "someone would suffer" if her rivals got the contract for Miss Arneson's country home.

In tense silence, broken only by the pen of N. Russell, Clerk of the Courts, the final witness was called. Miss B. Alexander, owner of a kindergarten, said that on the fatal afternoon she was talking to her assistant, Mary Harley, and a children's nurse, Jill Barling, when they saw a woman come out of the rear entrance of the "Q & B" Building. When she came closer to them, they were astonished to recognize Anne Mason, co-partner in the Masinck company.

At this point Eleanor Gaskell, celebrated violinist, screamed and fell to the floor. Courtroom Nurses McPherson and Alexander went to her aid.

"The court is adjourned," announced Judge McCulloch.

The Immortal Eights

One of the most dazzling social events on Mount Olympus was the gathering of a very select society known as the Immortal Eights.

As soon as Joanna, the fleet-footed messenger, had brought the invitation, Ireni and Lesli, who have the divine gift of gliding over ice and snow, set off on their journey. They arrived just as the celestial riders galloped in, Joano on a black stallion, and Debbo on a white mare. Susanna and Madeleina, two water-nymphs, next glided in across the lake, and greeted Maryela, the Queen of gymnasts, who was doing cartwheels to show her high spirits.

A magnificent banquet had been prepared by Cheris, the Goddess of cooking, and it was served in a fine hall decorated with paintings wrought by the magic brushes of Catlo and Ajilles. The company was kept light-hearted by Margis, the spirit of laughter, and by lively accounts of the latest books by Lilus, the Guardian of libraries.

Nanus, the Olympian doctor, was ready for any mishaps which might result from the pranks of Annos and Harros, the mischief-makers, or from the experiments of Jodena Rileo in her travelling chemistry lab.

Suddenly a cloud appeared in the middle of the hall. The air was filled with the strains of an organ, drawn forth by Elisa, the immortal musician, as she accompanied the Muses, Diana, Darlena and Gwendili.

The after-dinner entertainment was delayed for a while by the late arrival of Katrine, but once she was settled, the guests were able to enjoy the dancing of Jania, Terpsichore's granddaughter, and the display of tricks by Carris and her animals.

Late in the evening, the assembled deities said farewell to Lorraina, the chief of the Immortal Eights, and paid their membership fee to Louisa, Goddess of the Treasury.

Grade Seven Looks Ahead

"Today we are going to look at our futures in this crystal ball," the Class President began. "I have set the dial at 1970. Are you ready?"

The class crowded round and this is what they saw.

In a stuffy operating room were Dr. L. Taylor and Dr. P. Kayser capably assisted by Nurses Cain, Carson, Stewart and Rattray. Soon a sign came clearly into view saying, "Dr. S. Hutchings and Dr. K. Kilgour, Veterinary Surgeons." In another hospital still, was Susan Sutherland, a physiotherapist, in a pool teaching polio patients to swim. Taking care of air sick passengers were two stewardesses, Kay Alexander and Barbara Lone.

Turning the crystal globe a little, Elizabeth could be seen searching in some ancient Greek ruins, and Margaret, snowshoeing across the barren Arctic to the next mission house. Susan Dawson was teaching mathematics to a class of seven-year-olds in Winnipeg.

Then the crystal ball showed Penny fashioning a dress in the latest style. Also working with rich materials and furniture were Janet and Heather, interior decorators.

Cathie Gourley had just won a case in a Winnipeg court. A visit to her office found her two secretaries, Marlene and Rose working hard. The misty globe then revealed Mary peering at a flower through her microscope, Dawn tapping the keys of her comptometer, and Susan Guest, practising another kind of figure on the ice.

"This looks exciting," said the Vice-President, "but if it's to come true, we had better get back to work."

The Invention of Scrambled Eggs

Long, long ago, in the innermost part of Africa, a small boy was resting under a large old knotty tree. He lived with his mother and father in a hut a few feet from the tree. His mother and father worked very hard and tried to make their lazy son work, but all he wanted to do was lie under the tree in the cool shade and soft grass.

One day after an enormous meal, which consisted of ostrich meat, elephant's toes, pieces of giraffe's neck and a large bowl of fruit, he took a large vase of coconut milk and went to lie under his favourite tree. He soon finished the milk and placing the vase beside him, he fell asleep.

When he awoke he smelt something very good and knew that it was dinner time. He picked up his vase and skipped home.

Now, while he had been asleep, an egg from a bird's nest in the knotty tree had dropped into his vase and was now being violently tossed around inside the vase.

When he got home, he placed his vase beside the fire, still not noticing what was inside it. He ate a large meal and went to get his vase to fill it with coconut milk. To make sure there was nothing inside, he put his hand over the top of the vase and turned it upside down. To his great surprise a strange mixture poured out, which he had never seen before. Because it had been near the fire, it was hot. It burnt his hand, and he licked his hand. He found it tasted very, very good and let his mother and father try some. They found it was very good, too.

He had no idea how this new substance had got into his vase but he went to lie under the tree again the next day. In the evening, he skipped home and when he looked into the vase, sure enough, there was some of this delicious food inside his vase again.

He decided to stay awake the next day and see just how this food got inside his vase. He waited for quite a long time and by and by another egg dropped into the vase.

He ran home as fast as he could to tell his mother and father how to acquire the new food and ever since, people have been eating eggs in this way, all because a little boy fell asleep under a knotty, old, tree.

Elizabeth Brereton,
Grade VII





. . . SPORTS . . .

People Are Talking About

(With apologies to VOGUE MAGAZINE)

by TANNY ARMYTAGE, Sports Captain

- The very successful Sports year at BALMORAL HALL.
- The fact that snow postponed Sports Day from October till May.
- The Volleyball Tournament, which was won by Craig Gowan, with Braemar in second place, and Ballater and Glen Gairn in a tie for third.
- The Basketball Tournament which was won by Ballater closely followed by the other three Houses tied for second place.
- Alumnae Night, when the School teams won both the volleyball and basketball games.
- The School basketball team which lost to the University of Manitoba Bisonettes, but defeated both the Gordon Bell second team and the St. John's College team.
- The Broomball Tournament which resulted in many bruises for the participants, and a win for Braemar, followed by Glen Gairn in second place, and a tie for third place.
- The Boarders' Badminton Tournament which never managed to get finished.
- The Swimming Meet to be held on June 3rd.
- The tennis and baseball season which are now in full swing.
- The excellent coaching by Mrs. Anderson in basketball, volleyball, badminton and Sports Day activities.
- The wonderful co-operation I have had during the year from the whole School, and particularly from House Sports Captains, Marg Fisher, Judy Cowie, Lynn Funnell and Rosalind Wallace; the House Heads, and Karen.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM—1960

S. Salzberg, J. Cowie, M. Gooder, P. Snodgrass, R. Wallace, K. Armytage,
B. Nichol, P. Burnford, L. McDougall, B. Gillespie, K. Jones



CRAIG GOWAN VOLLEYBALL TEAM—1960

STANDING—K. Armytage, B. Nichol, D. Bishop, W. Bracken, L. Funnell
KNEELING—F. Scrase, M. Mitchell, L. McDougall, R. Genser, S. Evans

Le Club Francais

Membres:

Mme J. Wilson	K. Jones
D. Bishop	P. MacCharles
M. Fisher	S. Salzberg

Cette année notre Club Français a changé de caractère, car il a compris cinq élèves seulement sous la direction de Mme Wilson, mais ce petit groupe a été toujours plein d'enthousiasme et du désir d'apprendre mieux a parler la belle langue française.

Le réunions avaient lieu le vendredi après-midi dans la bibliothèque des petites où nous avons suivi des cours sur les disques, "Living Language". Ceux-ci nous ont bien aidées à apprendre beaucoup de phrases utiles et nous avons pratiqué la prononciation correcte avec Mme Wilson. Quelque fois nous avions aussi une conversation sur quelque sujet intéressant, ou nous avons écouté des chansons françaises bien connues au phonographe.

Un jour tout le monde a chanté "La Mer"! Pour terminer ces réunions agréables on espère aller pendant ce dernier trimestre voir un film français.

Nous remercions Mme Wilson qui a été toujours si enthousiaste et si patiente! Nous nous souviendrons souvent de ces reunions très agréables.

Signe Salzberg

Le Quatre Saisons

Le soleil brille et il fait très chaud; c'est l'été au Canada. Nous sommes en vacances. Tous les jeunes, garçons et filles, jouent ensemble. Nous nageons dans l'eau froid du lac et nous faison du ski nautigue. Il y a beaucoup de choses à faire. Il a les sports comme le tennis, le baseball et le football. J'aime bien l'été. C'est une saison merveilleuse.

C'est l'automne. Quelquefois il pleut et le soleil se cache derrière les nuages. Les arbres ont des feuilles de toutes couleurs; brunes, rouges, oranges et quelquefois vertes. Je crois que cette saison soit la plus belle.

Il fait froid; c'est l'hiver. Il neige et quelquefois le soleil brille. Nous patinons sur la glace derrière l'école. Je n'aime pas le patinage. Je préfère l'été.

Il fait frais. Voici le printemps. Quelquefois il pleut. Les classes sont presque terminées.

Gail Long—Grade IX

The Cat

If I were a cat,
I'd look for a rat,
But if I were a rat,
I'd look out for a cat.

Alison Greatrex—Grade II

FAMILY PORTRAITS By Grade Seven

Selections from a Class Composition Assignment

My Great Grandmother

My great-grandmother, Matilda Tucker, was born in Devonshire, England. Her father was English and her mother was Dutch. When she was a very small child she went to Antigua in the British West Indies. She married great-grandfather there and had six children. They came to Canada for the children's sake because there were no opportunities in the West Indies. When I knew great-grandmother, she was very, very old but she was interested in everything. She liked to read and sing. Last winter she died in her ninety-ninth year.

Robert, My Explosive Brother

Robert is fifteen and he is in grade eleven. He has a ridge of freckles running over his dark nose. Robert's nose gives him a comical look since it is crooked from being broken. Unlike the rest of the family, he has light brown hair. Robert is usually quiet, but occasionally he explodes like a firecracker and is as jolly as Santa Claus. Every weekend when Robert comes home from boarding at Ravenscourt, Mother notices, that the grocery bill goes up although Robert never seems to grow fat. The milkman is always happy when Robert is at home.

My Father

My father is an interesting man. He has a fiery temper, but it disappears quickly. He has a funny habit of smoking one year and not smoking the next. When he is not smoking, he tells my mother and elder sister that it is a dirty habit and that they should not do it. He has white hair and large eyes. He wears glasses for reading, and peers over them when he wants to look at something around him. He has dimples in his chin and in his cheeks. He has a high forehead, dark complexion and is the only one in the family with white teeth.

My Uncle Gil

My uncle Gil is a very nice man. He is my uncle by marriage. He towers above all our family, and wears thick-rimmed glasses, that look very smart. He never smokes and at coffee-time he always has milk. He is an easy-going fellow and always has a smile. He has a very deep voice. He loves cats and dogs. He is a very nice uncle to have and I love him very much.

Bomb-Jour, Madam

If you see a pair of laughing blue eyes and a small half-puzzled smile, that is my sister, Cindy. She has light brown hair bobbed by a too-ambitious barber and she is rather tall for her age. She is only five and in grade one. Her favourite word is "particulary", and when you ask her what she does in school, her answer will probably be, "Nothing in particulary." French is the subject she likes best and she knows almost as much as I do. She says, "Bomb-jour, Madame," and she will not be corrected. That's my Cindy.

The Guardian

It seems to me that I have been standing here, immobile, for a long time. Please do not misunderstand me, though, and think that I'm complaining. I would not change places with anyone.

Ages ago, before the First World War, I was born in Paris, France. However, I am a Canadian citizen—or to be more precise, a staunch Manitoban.

During the war, my home in Paris was bombed, leaving me the sole survivor. I then boarded a ship for Canada. However, the ship did not reach the North American continent for several years. Instead, it was requisitioned to carry American troops back and forth throughout the war.

Finally I landed in New York and from there I came to Winnipeg, to the home I still occupy and hope to occupy for the future.

My position in Winnipeg is a high one. In truth, I stand above the Mayor and even above the Premier. I have no fear of being replaced, because there is no one who could do my job.

I love to stand here and survey the city that I have watched grow for over thirty years. Many and varied events have occurred. I have seen the city grow from a small hustling capital to a large and important city in the Canadian nation. I have witnessed fires and floods; I have watched the growth of road, rail and air-strip; I have seen businesses and individuals thrive and fail. I have rejoiced with many in their happiness and have felt sad for others in despair.

On the whole, I am proud of my city. I say, "my city", because I feel my position as guardian warrants it.

Who am I? I am the spirit of youth and enterprise, a symbol of Manitoba, the guardian of your city. I am the "Golden Boy".

MARYLYN REID,
Grade XI

BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1959

Sept. 9—Boarders arrive.
Sept. 10—Opening Prayers.
Head Girl and new Prefects receive cords.
Sept. 11—School Meeting.
Grade XI and XII boarders give party to welcome new boarders.
Sept. 14—Games for new girls—Grades VII-IX.
Sept. 15—House Heads elected.
Games for new girls—Grades X-XII.
Sept. 16—Class presidents elected.
School Games Meeting.
Sept. 17—House Games Captains elected.
Sept. 18—Summer reading tests.
Sept. 23—Mr. A. S. Leach announced appointment of Miss Sharman as Vice-Principal.
Sept. 24—Marjorie Mitchell appointed Head of Residence.
Sept. 29—Announcement of Library and Magazine Executives.
Oct. 2—Red House visit Legislative Buildings.
Oct. 7—Sports Day cancelled because of snow.
Boarders attend Oberkirchen Children's Choir.
Oct. 8—Grades IV-VI attend Symphony Concert.
Oct. 9—Thanksgiving Service.
New Prefects receive cords.
Oct. 9-12—Thanksgiving weekend.
Oct. 22—Grade XII Biology Class visit Blood Clinic.
Oct. 23—Senior Boarders attend "La Boheme".
Oct. 27—Film on Switzerland shown by Mr. Anton Lendi.
Oct. 30—Junior and Senior Hallowe'en parties.
Nov. 2—Inspector H. P. Moffat visits the School.
End of Red Feather and U.N.I.C.E.F. campaign.
Nov. 3—The Most Rev. H. H. Clark, Primate of all Canada, conducts Morning Prayers.
Nov. 4—Opening Meeting of Mothers' Auxiliary.
Nov. 7—Boarders attend Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
Nov. 8—Mr. Victor Feldbrill gave talk on the formation of an orchestra.
Nov. 11—Remembrance Day Service conducted by Canon J. C. Clough.
Nov. 16—University volleyball team defeated Balmoral Hall, 32-18.
Nov. 23—Boarders attend Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
Nov. 25—Organ - Building Luncheon given by Mothers' Auxiliary.
Annual Meeting of Alumnae Association, 8:00 p.m.
Nov. 27—Boarders watch "Miracle on 34th St.".
Dec. 8—Christmas Examinations begin.
Dec. 14—Collection of clothing for St. Aldhelm's Mission at Birch River.
Dec. 15—Collection of toys for Point Douglas Mission.
Dec. 16—Collection of canned food for Point Douglas Mission.
Dec. 17—Boarders' Christmas Party.
Dec. 18—Carol Service, and dedication of new organ by the Very Rev. W. H. Harrison.

EASTER TERM, 1960

Jan. 10—Boarders return.
Jan. 11—School re-opens.
New Prefects receive cords.
Jan. 13—Rev. K. A. Coleman gave illustrated lecture on his missionary work in India.
Jan. 17—Prefects give skating and tobogganing party for boarders.
Feb. 6—Boarders attend Ice Capades.
Feb. 10—Mr. R. L. Gordon, Headmaster of St. John's Ravenscourt addresses parents, 8:30 p.m.
Feb. 12—"Cupid Capers", Valentine Dance.
Feb. 12-15—Boarders' long weekend.
Mar. 4—Alumnae Games Night.
Mar. 10—Special programme for parents for Education Week.
Mar. 13—Confirmation Service at St. Luke's Church, 7:00 p.m.
Mar. 16—Rev. Canon J. C. Clough, conducts Morning Prayers.
Mar. 19—School basketball team defeated St. John's College team, 28-23.
Mar. 25—Mrs. Gordon Konantz, Crusade Chairman for Manitoba, talks to school about World Refugee Year.
Mar. 28—Easter Examinations begin.
Apr. 6—School closes for Easter vacation.

SUMMER TERM, 1960

Apr. 19—Boarders return.
Apr. 20—School re-opens.
May 6—May Day Dance—Grades VIII and IX.
May 15—"Hamlet"—Grade XII watches film.
May 19—Sports Day.
May 20-23—Victoria Day weekend.
May 27—Fashion Show.
May 28—Alumnae Coffee Party.
May 30—"Stepping Stones", and Annual Meeting of Mothers' Auxiliary.
May 30—Miss K. McCredie, Headmistress of Girls' School in Australia, speaks at Morning Assembly.
June 3—Swimming Meet.
June 10—Special offering at Prayers for World Refugee Year.
June 16—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church, followed by Garden Party at Balmoral Hall. Graduation Dance at the School, 9:00 p.m.
June 18—Graduate Luncheon given by the Alumnae Association.



Graduates

Grade XII

KATHLEEN ARMYTAGE

Tanny, our energetic Sports Captain, is more familiar to us when wearing shorts. She has been an asset to the choir and choral group and has proved an invaluable advertising agent for the Magazine. Last, but not least, Tanny is a capable and popular Prefect. Next year she plans to attend the University of Western Ontario. Our best wishes go with you, Tanny!

ARLA BULLMORE

As uniform monitress of Ballater, Arla has been well occupied this year. She has faithfully devoted her noon hours to "feasting with the fabulous four". Arla plans to enter the School of Nursing at the Children's Hospital, and is considering a nursing career with the navy. Oceans of luck, Arla!

BARBARA GILLESPIE

As Ballater's House Head and a Prefect, Barb has had a very busy year. She sings in both the choir and special choral group, and plays on the school basketball and volleyball team. Next year Barb will probably be seen coaxing her "fantastic Studie" to St. John's College and Second Year Arts. Best of luck, Gillie!

MARILYN HAWKINS

Marilyn can be found "bouncing" to ease her conscience or chattering about her beloved Thompson, Manitoba. She has been an able Prefect, Secretary of Braemar, and photography editor of the Magazine. She has added a strong alto to both choirs, and able support to House basketball and volleyball teams. Marilyn is off to United College for Second Year Science in September.

KAREN JONES

This year our spicy red-haired Head Girl has also found time for two choirs, the magazine executive, complete Grade XII and has shone as a basketball and volleyball star on her House and the School teams. This vivacious Ballaterite will deprive the White House of her "quiet titter" and jazz dancing when she returns to Ontario where she will take Physical Education at Queen's.

MARGARET KOSINSKI

Margaret has played on the Glen Gairn volleyball and basketball teams, has performed at two piano recitals and has sung in the School Choir. She was on the Library Executive and took a part in the Christmas Nativity Play. Next year we will find Marg at St. John's College taking Second Year Science.

JEAN LESLIE

After working for three and a half years at the C.B.C. and the Childrens' Home, Jean came to Balmoral Hall for Grade XII. At noon our "literary genius" can be found with the "fabulous four" in the Nursery School. She plans to enter the School of Social Work when prepared.

MARJORIE MITCHELL

"Quiet please", bellows a familiar voice—that of Head of the White House. Marjorie, an active Grade Twelver, hails from the far North—Lynn Lake. Although an active member of Craig Gowan volleyball and basketball teams, "Marj." still finds time to cut hair, play the piano, or curl up with a book beside "Pluto".

PAMELA MacCHARLES

This pert Miss from Medicine Hat, has had a busy year as a Prefect and Head of Glen Gairn. Despite an extra science, she has found time for both choirs, the Magazine and Library Executives, and of course, Doug. Piano lessons, the organ for morning prayers, and decorating for "Cupid Capers" were also accomplished by this small bundle of energy who plans to continue her education at St. John's College.

LORI McDOUGALL

Lori, that energetic Prefect from Edmonton, usually can be found urging on her House, Craig Gowan, when she is not dashing to class or a library meeting. On second thoughts, perhaps she is practising the organ for prayers or the piano for a recital, singing alto in the choir, or entrancing everyone with "Malaguena". Good luck, Lori, at U. of Alberta.

SIGNE SALZBERG

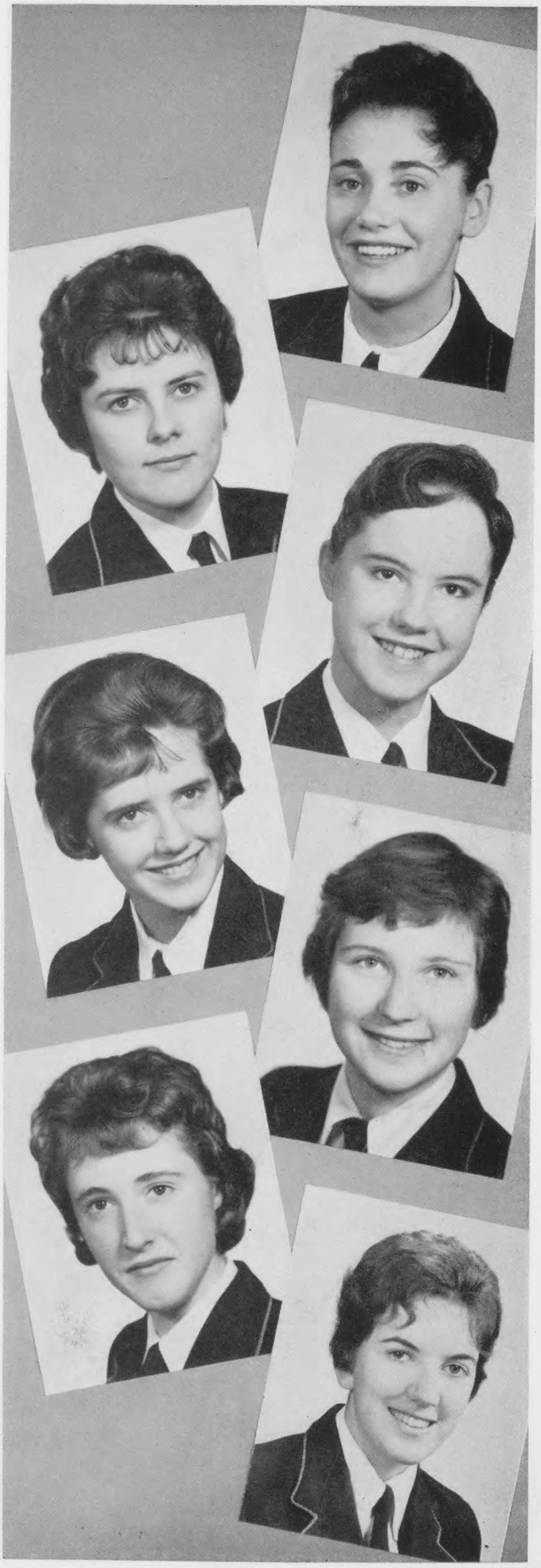
Sig., our poet philosopher, may be frequently found in deep thought. Other moments are filled with activities as Prefect, Honorary Editor of the Magazine, "chief mechanic" of the French Club, and Librarian. In between, Sig practises diligently for School and House basketball, House volleyball, and both School Choirs. Next year, Signe will enter Pharmacy and carry on her art, her writing and her cheerful smile!

FRANCES SCRASE

"Fran" is our efficient Grade XII President and Master of the School Log. She is an active member of the Craig Gowan volleyball and basketball teams and also of the School volleyball team. Fran is a talented piano player, besides belonging to the special School Choir. She plans to enter Arts at St. John's College next year.

GAIL STEELE

Gail, a talkative Braemarite, is the capable Vice-President of Grade XII. One of her extra-curricular activities is being a member of the Library Committee. Next year she plans to take Home Economics at the University of Manitoba. Good luck in the future, Gail.





Grade XI

ROSEMARY ALLISON

This tawny-haired lass will be most remembered for getting the School a soft-drink vendor and for her success in advertising for the Magazine Executive. Her spare time is spent in playing squash, swimming, driving around in her mother's little green bomb, and looking after her cat. Good luck at St. John's, Rosemary.

LYNNE ANDERSON

Lynne is one of the tidier Grade XI boarders, and hails from Oak Lake, Manitoba. She is an ardent member of Craig Gowan and is wonderful at volleyball. She also loves the dance called "Paul Jones"! Next year Lynne plans to return to Balmoral for Grade XII. Good luck in the future, Lynne.

JO-ANN ANDREWS

This lovely lass hails from Fort Frances and Flin Flon. Her interests include swimming, dancing and D.M. She often surprises us with a change in hair-style. Jo-Ann intends to take Grade XII at Balmoral Hall before entering nursing. We wish her luck whatever she undertakes.

DIANE BISHOP

Diane's musical abilities have been appreciated in the School Choir, at prayers as an organist, and in her spare time as a pianist. That spare time of this busy Prefect is filled with ballet lessons, French Club meetings, House games, and the duties of the Business Manager of the Magazine Executive. September will find Diane in First Year Arts at U. of M. Bonne chance, Diane!

WENDY BRACKEN

We now see before us the winning smile of our School Captain, Wendy Bee, who has passed through these hallowed halls from Kindergarten to Grade XI. Wendy is a strong alto in both choirs, and a firm collector of library fines. Next year, Wendy intends to enter St. John's College, and we wish her every success.

LYNN BROCKIE

Brock, an ever-smiling Glen Gairnite has been a great help to her house and other girls this year. Her favourite pastimes are not strictly academic, and include Gordie, dancing, riding, and trying different rinses on her hair. Next year will find Lynn back at Balmoral Hall. Best of luck, Lynn.

PERONELLE BURNFORD

Perri, whose home is in Port Arthur, is an energetic member of Ballater. She played on their basketball and volleyball teams and rides horses in her spare time. Perri expects to return to Balmoral Hall next year for Grade XII.

JUDITH COWIE

Judy, Grade XI's Class President, is Sports Captain of Braemar, plays on the School basketball and volleyball teams, and is a member of the Library Executive. She hails from Calgary and her ambition is to travel through Europe. Next year she will return to Balmoral Hall with thoughts of St. John's in the future.

CAROL CRANSTON

Carol is Glen Gairn's uniform monitress and World Refugee Year representative. She is a member of the Library Executive, and an invaluable help in the organization of the Fashion Show. Happy holidays in Vancouver, Carol, and we shall welcome you back to Balmoral Hall in September.

CAROLINE DAMERELL

This blue-eyed lass hails from England, and never lets anyone forget it. She has been active in Braemar House, and in both School Choirs. Outside School she has had a busy year teaching ballet, swimming and playing squash. Next year Caroline will go to Montesano School in Switzerland.

NANCY ANN EATON

Nancy, the brown-eyed blonde beauty of Grade XI, made her mark this year not only as Class President, but as "Mary" in the Nativity Play. Her favourite pastimes are going to Fargo, and riding in her new convertible. Next year she plans to go to United College for Grade XII.

JUDITH EVANS

Tall, slim Judy adds colour to the class, not only with her red hair, but with her entertaining personality. She can always be heard talking about Bob, or complaining about "those history maps". Next year Judy plans to return to Balmoral Hall for Grade XII before taking a business course. Good luck, Jude.





MARGARET FISHER

"Judy" is a Prefect, and Sports Captain and Secretary of Ballater. She conducts and sings in the Choir, belongs to the French Club, is an able gymnast, and works hard on the Library Executive. She has performed twice with the "R.W.B." and completed the Advanced R.A.D. examination this year. We wish her luck as she leaves us to finish school in Edmonton.

LYNN FUNNELL

"Aunti Lynn", Grade XI's only true blonde, hails from Calgary. When not advertising The Stampede, she busies herself with Craig Gowan House, basketball, volleyball, badminton, the Choir and the Junior Library. Her future plans include taking a tramp steamer around the world, but first she will take Grade XII at Balmoral Hall.

MARGARET GOODER

Margot has been a Prefect and an excellent Head of Braemar. She is a member of their basketball, volleyball and broomball teams, and sings alto in the Choir. Daily ballet classes kept her busy and she taught a class on Saturday mornings at the Canadian School of Ballet. Next year she intends to take Grade XII in Calgary.

JUDITH HARRIS

An avid Latin scholar is Judy! She is Editor of the School Magazine and our Eaton's Junior Council representative. She plans to enter First Year Arts at St. John's College next year, and hopes eventually to become a writer. The results of several Literary Competitions augur well in this direction.

BRENDA HOWAT

This popular, dimpled Prefect has had a busy year. Brenda has been an able Advertising Manager of the Magazine, Secretary of Glen Gairn House, and a staunch supporter of the descant section of both the Choral Group and School Choir. After Grade XII at Balmoral Hall, Brenda plans to take Journalism at U. of M. Keep up the good work Brenda.

ELIZABETH MacARTHUR

"Liz", a natural (?) redhead, hails from the wheat city of Brandon. She is a true Ballaterite and an enthusiastic basketball player and follower of horse shows. Next year she will attend St. Michael's Academy in her beloved Brandon, and we wish her the best of luck.

LOUISE McKENTY

Louise, Grade XI's "angel", is a member of Ballater house, to which she contributed points by ranking high in the Literary Competition. Her ready smile and witty remarks are always a source of general enjoyment. Next year she hopes to be taking First Year Arts at St. John's College.

MARNIE MUTER

Our "Marn" is the only person in Grade XI who can make an answer into a question. She is a staunch member of Glen Gairn and is on both the volleyball and basketball teams. Next year she will take Grade XII at Balmoral Hall before entering Nursing. Good luck for the future, Marn.

MARYLYN REID

This able supporter of Ballater has adjusted well to boarding school life, though she misses her beloved dog, Bernardine. Marylyn has found time for singing, piano, art, and ballroom dancing. She will remain at home in Edmonton next year to prepare for an art course at U.B.C. Best of luck, Marylyn.

SUZANNE RILEY

Suzanne, a Balmoralite for five years, is a Craig Gowan supporter. She has been a member of the Magazine Executive, and by some miracle, played on the basketball team. Her greatest gift, however, is talking! Next year will find Suzanne at St. John's College. Best of luck, "Suz"!

PATRICIA SNODGRASS

Pat, an active member of Braemar comes from Dauphin. Her varied activities include playing on the basketball and volleyball teams, swimming, ballroom dancing, art lessons, and being Class Vice-President. Pat plans to take Grade XII in Dauphin, then take Home Economics. We know she will succeed.

ROSALIND WALLACE

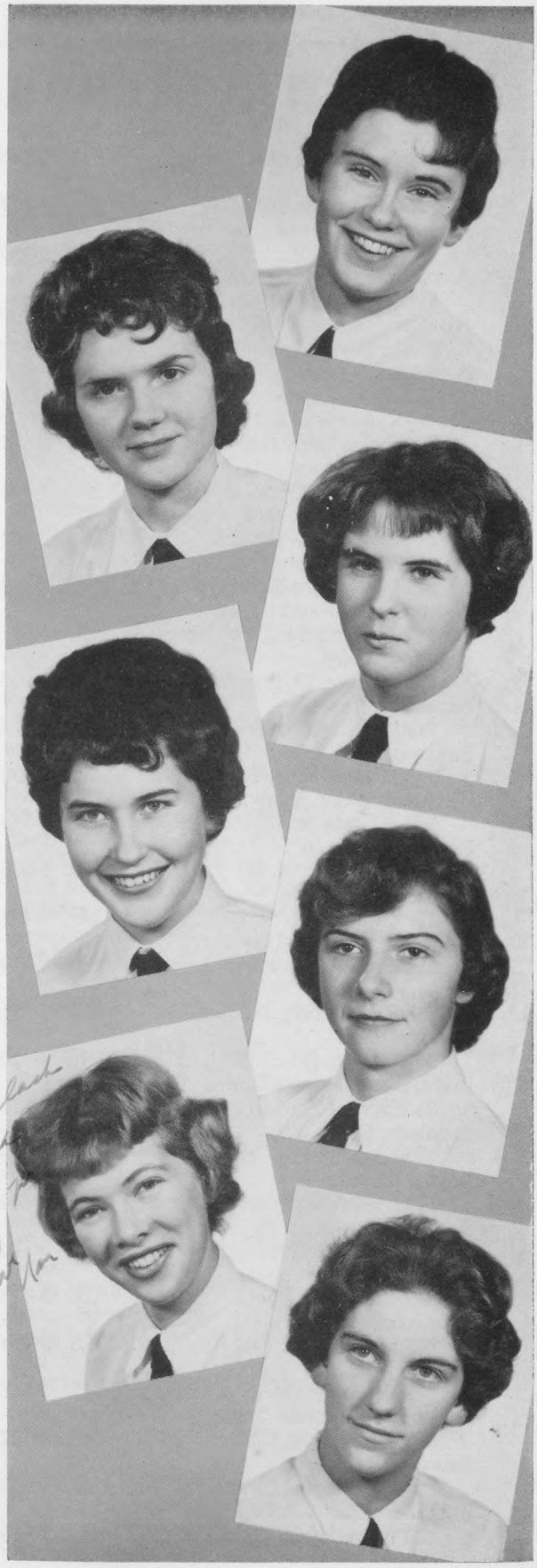
Rosalind, our horse-lover, is Glen Gairn's efficient and active Sports' Captain. She is a member of the School basketball and volleyball teams, and one of our stronger descants in the Choir. Ros will be taking Grade XII at United College next year. Best of luck, Ros.

NANCY WEBB

Nan is a firm supporter of Craig Gowan House, its World Refugee Year representative, and a member of the Library Executive. We can usually find her in the Common Room, or waiting for the "Fury". A favourite expression of her's is, "Ah, yea!" Next year will see Nan back at Balmoral Hall.

DEIDRE WHITE

Tall, slender Deidre is a prominent member of the Grade XI anti-homework club. She is an active member of Braemar and of the Library Executive. "Whitey" intends to take a secretarial course in September and we wish her luck in the future.



THE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

ALBERTSEN, CAROL
Homewood, Man. ..... SH 5-3406

ALDOUS, GRANT
106 Niagara St. (9) ..... HU 9-4449

ALEXANDER, BARBARA
150 Oak St. (9) ..... GR 5-0667

ALEXANDER, JENNIFER and KATHERINE
85 Yale Ave. (9) ..... GL 3-5411

ALLISON, ROSEMARY and LORRAINE
73 Kingsway Ave. (9) ..... GR 5-1078

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Oak Lake, Man. 94

ANDISON, MARYEL and MARGARET
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ASSELSTINE, MARGIT
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35 Eric Bay, St. Boniface ..... AL 3-9925

BAKER, NORA
1199 Wellington Cres. (9) ..... HU 9-2744

BARLING, JILL
326 Hosmer Blvd. (9) ..... HU 9-5595

BEAMISH, MARY ANNE
109 Niagara St. (9) ..... HU 9-3585

BENHAM, DONALD
249 Waverley St. (9) ..... GR 5-6036

BENTLEY-WALLS, JILL
1102 Strathcona St. (10) ..... SU 3-4044

BERRY, JULIA and MARGARET
310 Dromore Ave. (9) ..... GR 5-6796

BETHEL, MARY
238 Tache Ave., Norwood ..... CH 7-1738

BISHOP, DIANE
567 Oak St. (9) ..... HU 9-7205

BLICK, BARBARA and DIANE
61 Harvard Ave. (9) ..... GR 5-1200

BLOOMER, DEBRA
2554 Assiniboine Cres. (12) ..... VE 2-2905

BOYER, KAETHE
122 Leila Ave., West Kildonan (4) ..... ED 4-1441

BRACKEN, SUSAN
234 Oxford St. (9) ..... GL 3-1164

BRACKEN, WENDY
320 Yale Ave. (9) ..... GL 2-4382

BRERETON, ELIZABETH
465 Montrose St. (9) ..... GL 2-9647

BRIGGS, JANE
118 Westgate (1) ..... SU 3-1616

BROCKIE, MARILYNN
485 Borebank St. (9) ..... HU 9-7921

BROWN, MARGOT
1443 Wellington Cres. (9) ..... HU 9-6024

BULLMORE, ARLA ANN
429 Waverley St. (9) ..... GR 5-1145

BULLOCK, LINDA
872 GROSVENOR Ave. (9) ..... GL 2-7195

BURNFORD, PERONELLE
144 Summit Ave.,
Port Arthur, Ont. 5-5590

CAIN, SUSAN
652 Viscount Place (9) ..... GL 3-1616

CAMPBELL, HEATHER
405 Hosmer Blvd. (9) ..... HU 9-3235

CATLEY, SUSAN and LYNNE
830 Campbell St. (9) ..... HU 9-8691

CHRISTIE, LESLIE
345 Lyndale Drive, Norwood ..... GL 2-5293

CLOUGH, ELIZABETH, JUDITH and CATHERINE
511 Stradbrooke Ave. (13) ..... GR 5-6675

COKE, JOHN
291 Montrose St. (9) ..... GR 5-1709

COLVILLE, LOUISE
157 Carpathia Road (9) ..... HU 9-5185

CONDO, ROSEMARY
99 Harvard Ave. (9) ..... GR 5-6628

COWIE, JUDITH
361 Cambridge St. (9) ..... GR 5-4043

CRAIB, DIANNE
337 Silver Heights Apts. (12) ..... VE 2-4084

CRANSTON, CAROL
410 Niagara St. (9) ..... GR 5-5067

CRAWFORD, JAMIE LYNNE and CANDACE
66 Eastgate (1) ..... SP 4-7342

CURRY, KATHLEEN
246 Dromore Ave. (9) ..... GR 5-4649

DAMERELL, CAROLINE, HERMIONE and LALAGE
35 Oak St. (9) ..... GR 5-6321

DAWSON, SUSAN
1326 Wellington Cres. (9) ..... HU 9-6030

DEMPSTER, DOROTHEA
222 Poplar Cres., Saskatoon, Sask. ..... DI 3-1039

DEROCHE, FAYE
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Love

What makes the youth's glad heart to swell,
And to beat twice as fast?
What causes the maiden's eyes to tell
Of happiness at last?

What urges the elves to dance in her eyes,
And rock to and fro?
What wind inflates his beating breast?
Shall we ever know?

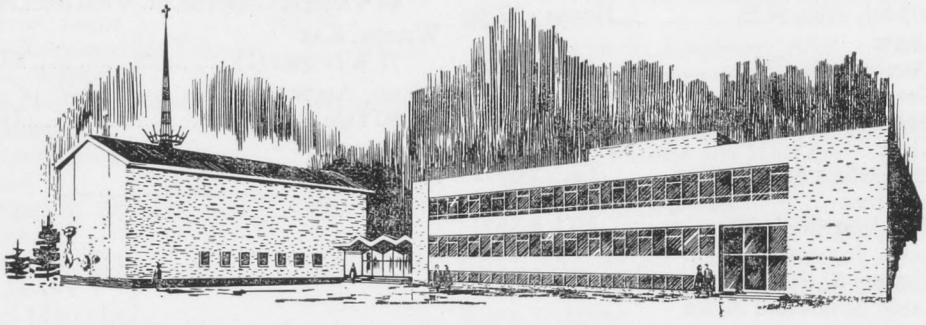
Ah! But 'tis an instinct given
From Him who rules above—
Sometimes happy, maybe sad,
No matter how—'tis love.

JAQUELINE LYE,
Grade X

EXCHANGES

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Atherley School Magazine	*Atherley School, Southampton, England*
Bishop Strachan School Magazine	*The Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario*
The Branksome Slogan	*Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario*
The Victory	*Churchill High School, Winnipeg*
The Croftonian	*Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.*
Breezes	*Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg*
Samara	*Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ontario*
Ludemus	*Havergal College, Toronto, Ontario*
La Feuille De Tremble	*Institut Français, Montreal, P.Q.*
Per Annos	*King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.*
Bleatings	*St. Agnes School, Albany, N.Y.*
St. Helen's School Magazine	*St. Helen's School, Dunham, P.Q.*
The Eagle	*St. John's Ravenscourt, Fort Garry, Manitoba*
The Pibroch	*Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ontario*
The Study Chronicle	*The Study, Montreal, P.Q.*
Weston School Magazine	*Weston School, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q.*
Sol Ortus	*West Kildonan Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg*



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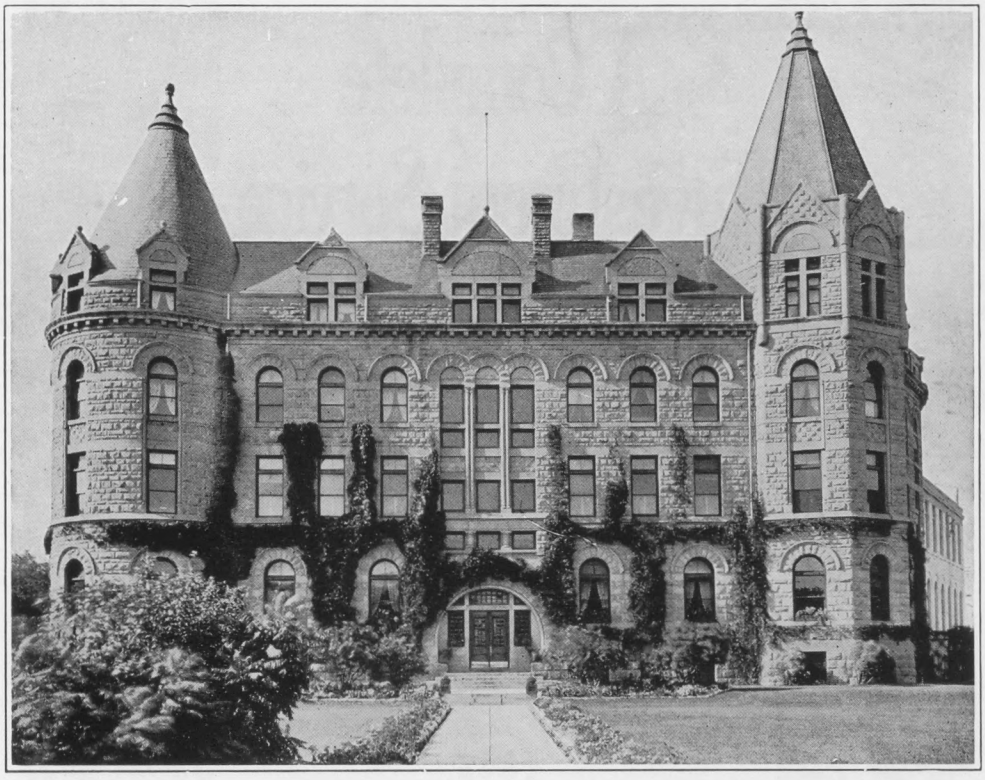
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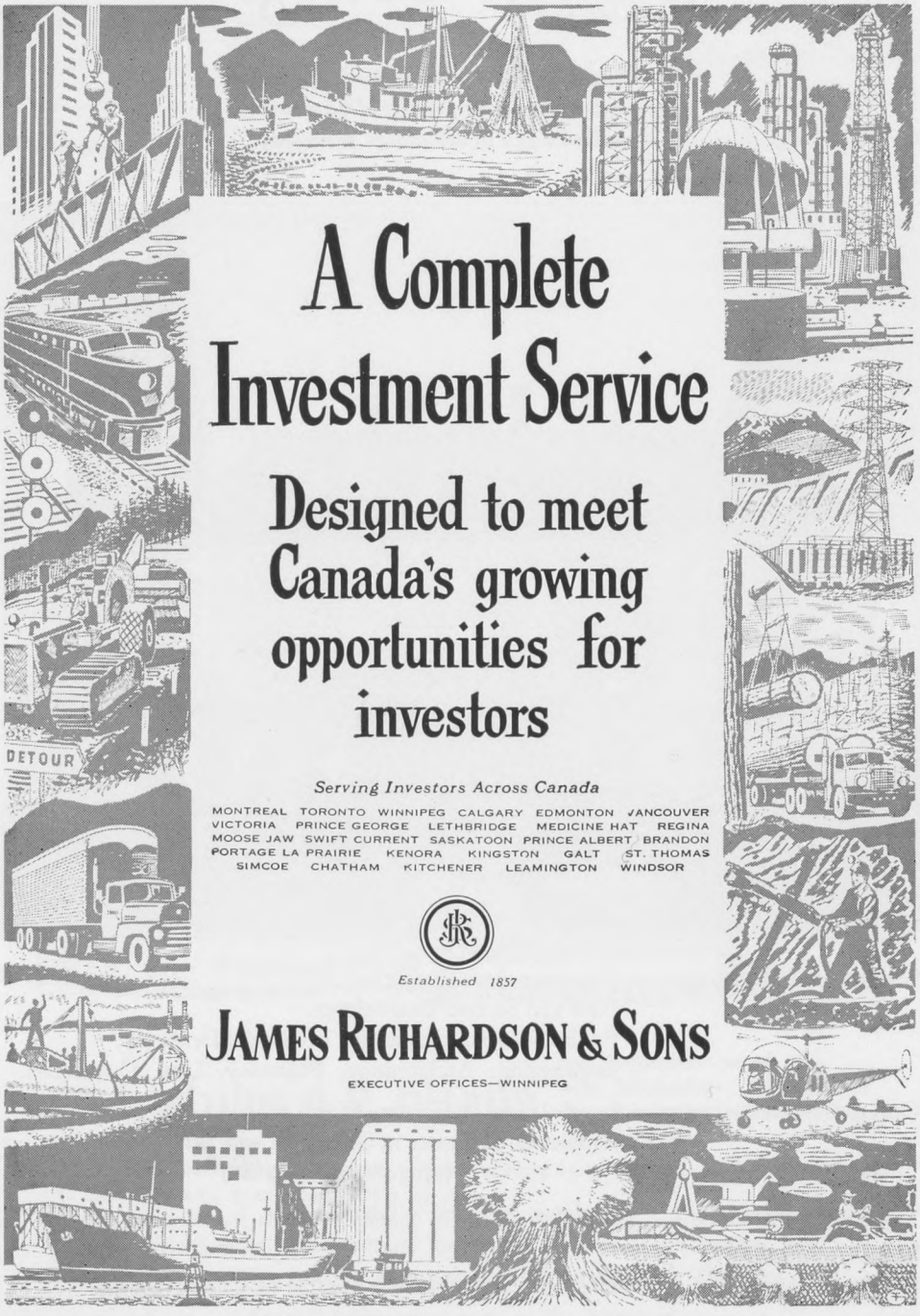
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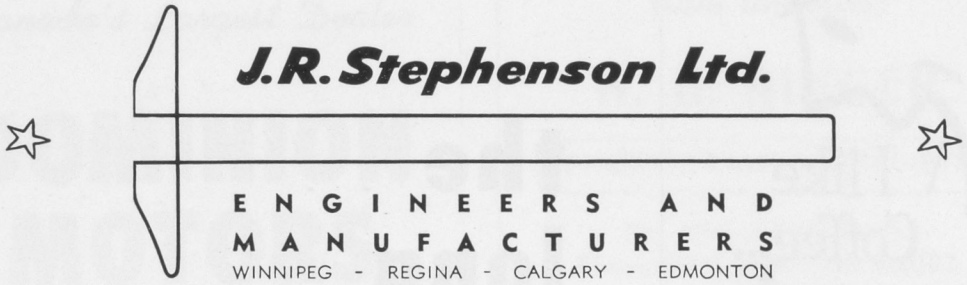
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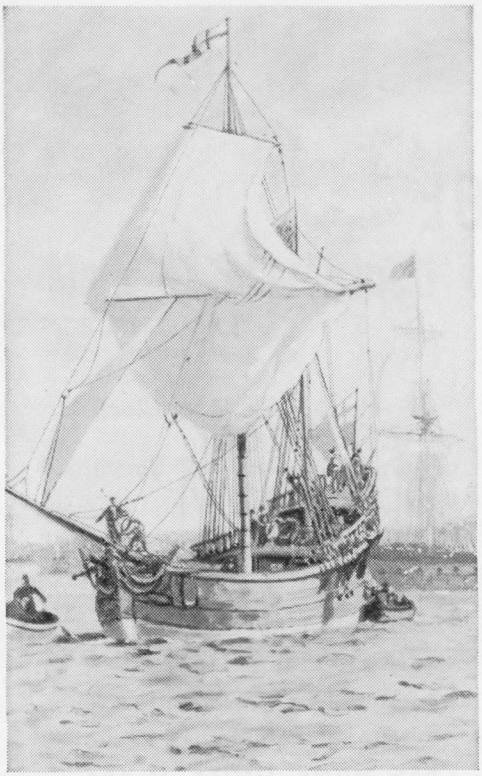
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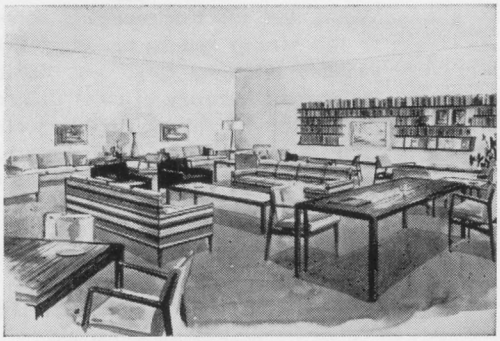
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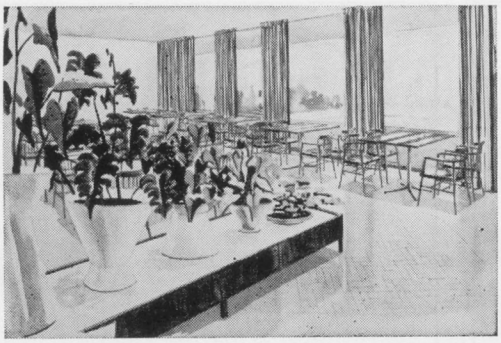
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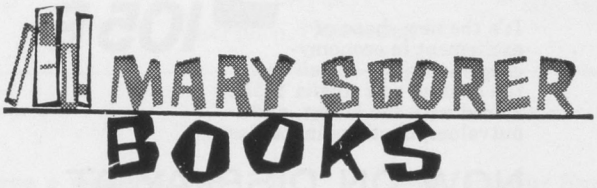
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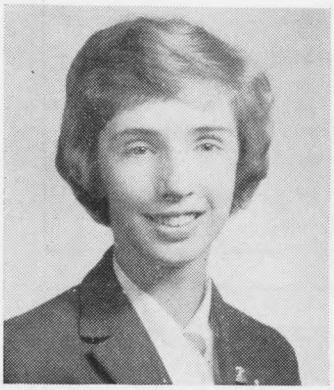
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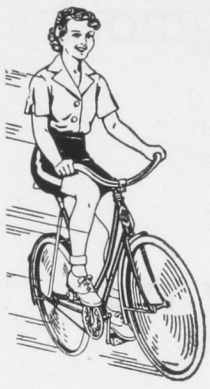
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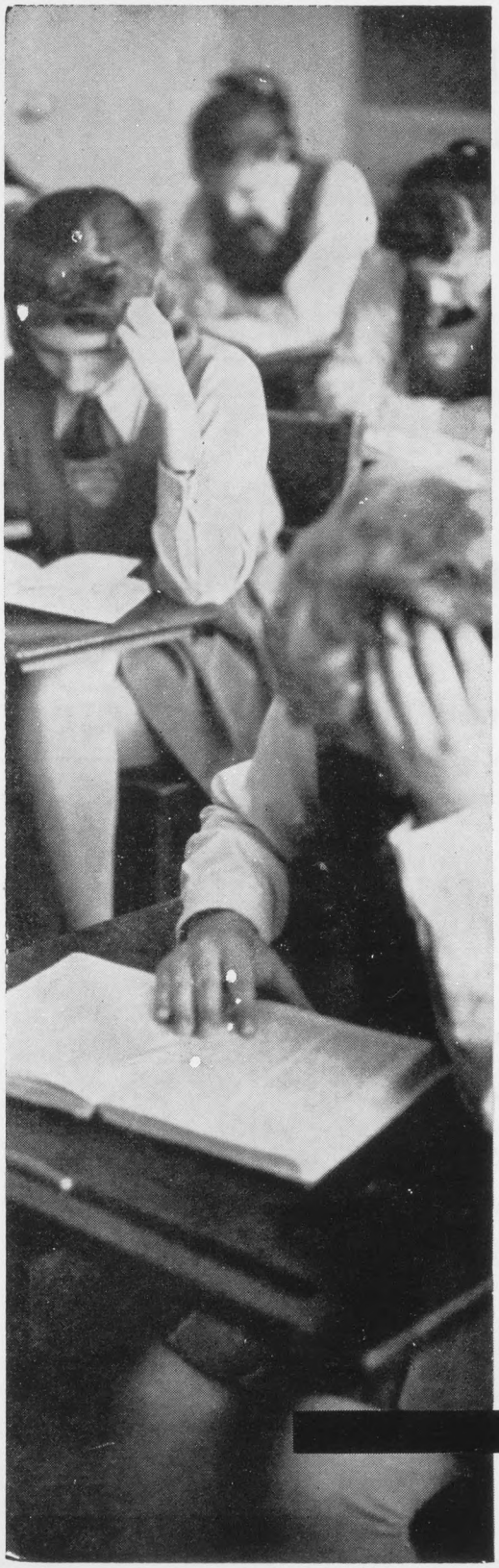
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